THE east village OTHER

HiLap

Seeped and immersed as we are in the sea of carnage that engulfs us, we conveniently tend to ignore a most brutal and obnoxious attrocity taking place in our own backyard - the systematic annihila tion of seals in Alaska and Canada.

No matter what the bodycount in Indochina or elsewhere might be - for the seals the score never cha nges- THEY ARE CLUBBED AND SKINNED ALIVE. For fun and profit or whatever jollies they get from skinning animals alive.

" Cessation of the seal harvest would force 635 Aleuts to become wards of the government, depriving them of the dignity of gainful employment a nd self reliance".

This is the gpvernment's logic behind their opposition to a bill pending in the Sena te that would forbid the slaughter of seals.

All maudlin sentimentality aside- why not trade the seals for the government?

It would certainly afford the 635 Aleuts to keep their dignity and self reliance.

AND OURS TOO.

JAAKOV KOHN
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE FRIEDRICH
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
STEVE KRAUS
HONEST BOB SINGER
REX WEINER
RUDI STERN
HETTY
VINCENT TITUS
NELLIE FENAULD
FRED MOGUBGUB
ARTHUR
LINDA CRAWFORD
ALEX GROSS
JAYM E
ALLEN KATZMAN
RAY SCHULTZ
COCA CRYSTAL
D.A. LATIMER
TULI KUPFERBERG
A.J. WEBERMAN
PAULINEA KOUWENHOVN
LARRY S TODD
HEIDI
JOHN REILLY
THE BLADE
LIL PICARD
HARVEY MATUSOW
PERFECTO LA GOGO
KIM DEITCH
DORA KEARNEY
SPAIN
THE D.C. TWELVE THOUSAND
KANDI

Second Class post ge paid at New York, N.
East Village Other ,ublished weekly at
20 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003
Telephone: 255-2130-31-32

THE 18yr. OLD VOTE

SMASH THE MACHINE!

LYNDA CRAWFORD

So now 18 year olds can vote. Who gives a damn? Why should we endorse the form of government in existence in America today even indirectly through a vote? What kind of a choice would there be anyway - Muskie or maybe Humphrey vs Nixon? That's no choice at all. Republicans! Democrats! Bullshit! Who wants to be a **party** to any of that crap? It's only a losing proposition... they always get their men in. Why should we vote? We coulc never win, right?

Not quite! In 1968, one Richard Milhous Nixon, became our beloved President by collecting a grand total of 31.8 million votes. If all those now eligible to vote for the first time (this not only includes the 18-21 age group but also many between 21-24 who were not eligible in the last Presidential election) were to do so, that would total 25.1 million votes. Only 6 million short of what it took for us to get stuck with dear-old-deadly-Dapper-Dick. This is certainly enough to insure a huge farewell to our presesent Pres and his partners in crime if wer w to cast our votes against them and for our own choice... but it can only be done if we vote. What choice do we have? Well, we're not about to get anything differenct fform of government we already have by voting along **either** of the two major party lines, Democrat or Republican. The Democrats would like to have you believe they are seeking change but anyone endorsed by the party ticket had had too make promises to quite a few of the old "bosses" IN ORDER TO GET IT. They all represent the same system, right doWN TO YOUR MOST OUT+-SPOKEN LEFT+WINGER. For those of you that are reluctanct to believe this, perhaps dazzled by the Peace promises spouted from the likes of McGover's and Mc Carthy's, it might be interesting to note that since the beginning of this century, elected Presidents who when campaingning were so called "Peace candidates" were involved in some of the major escalations of the wars (a recent example was our peace-loving Johnson whose quite unpeaceful actions were disclosed in the Pentagon Papers squabble). They are all the same, Democrat or Republican; some are just smarter in knowing how to say the right things but theeit actions are all the same. The only way to effect a change is by registering independently, rejecting the choices they offer and supplying our own. Who? A good question to start thinking about. The first step is to make sure the Nixon administration does not get re-elected nor allow ourselves TO BE by the Democrats attempt to gain our support through never-to-be-fullfilled promises. The second step is to find our own choice, unite and support it. Using their electoral process, we are a large enough segment of the voting population to **wipe them out** which if successful would be the most powerful step oever attempted for change in America... but it can only be done if we register. In many areas, particularly college and military towns, the new voting youth will make up the largest percentage of any age group in the voting-agep-age population. Out of each 100 Americans old enough to vote, 18 will be youths aged 18 through 24, eligible for theeir first trip to the polls. 18 percent; it doesn't take much more to get someone elected. We could do it...we could at least try. The alternative is to shun the elections, allow the same old process to take-over again and keep fighting from the outside via demonstrations, marches and protests that have yet to make a dent in their follies and would never equal the gigantic impact of a victory at the polls for us... but it can only be done if we get to the polls. Our not voting is exactly what they expect. It has been shown in the papast that given the opportunity to vote, most of us, dismayed with all of the choices offered, have preferred to 'drop out'. In a congressional race in Maryland last year which gave 18 year olds their first chance under the 1970 Voting Rights Act to vote, fewer than 2 percent of the 47,000 eligibles turned out. In South Carolina last Spring, the 18 to 21 set stayed away from the polls in droves, declining to involve themselves in primary elections for a congressional seat. And in numerous instances even those of us previously eligible to vote, in our mid-twenties and upwards, have chosen to ignore elections all together. This has been oug attitude in the past. Infiltrating the system, we are convinced, will not work because in the long run you only end up contributing to it and eventually becoming part of it. But here is a chance not to become part of it but to **take it over** completely; not with too-easily-forgotten Peace marches, not with any of the tactics that we've tried over and over again, with little success.

What this will take is Unity; get our heads together and seek out a true Peace candidate, not their shoddy, lying excuses for one (EVO will soon be giving run-downs on all of the potential candidates - Muskie, Humphrey, Mc Govern, Kennedy, Ramsey Clark, Lindsay, Yorty, Birch Bayh, etc., which will include continual information on any of the possibilities from Political Independents within the movement, in an effort to get beneath the 'sweet-soundings yeat arsenic-scented' campaing promises made and down to the **truth** about the candidates); get our voices together to echo across the country to our borothers and sisters, relaying the importance of everyone voting tand get ourselves togehter and down to register.

Here is a listing of where you can go to register for New York City residents. Outside of the city, just contact the nearest Board of Elections for the location.

Manhattan - 80 Varick Street
Queens - 77-40 Vleigh Place, Flushing
Brooklyn - 345 Adam Street
Bronx - 1780 Grand Concourse
Staten Island - 30 Bay Street. St. Gerorge

You can register any weekday between 9:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. Why should we vote? Because it is a chance we can't afford not to take.

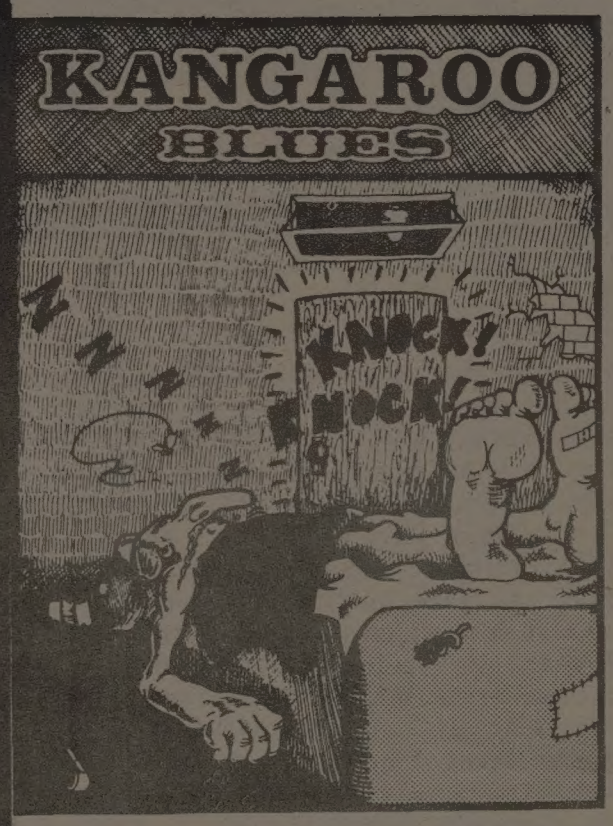
HELP A STARVING UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER! SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

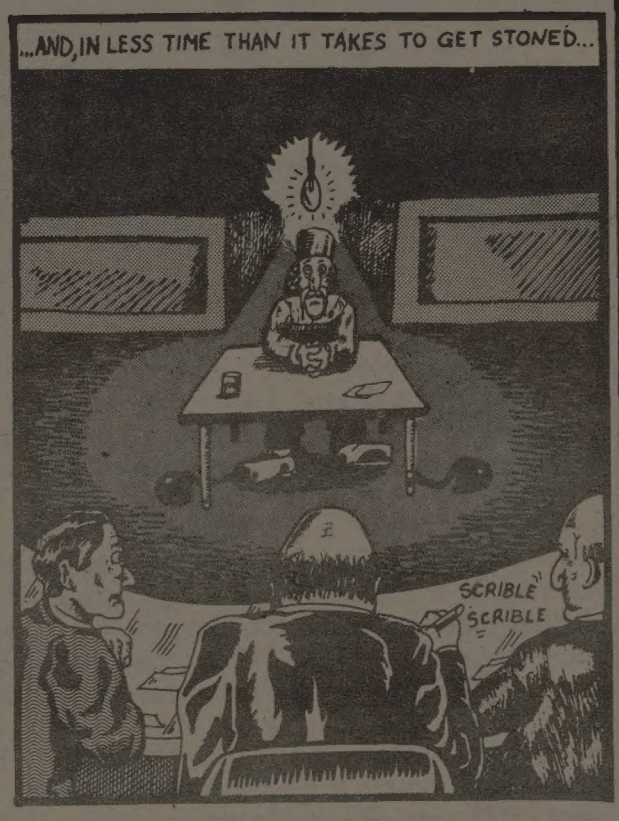
☐ $6 FOR 52 ISSUES (1 YR) NAME .....

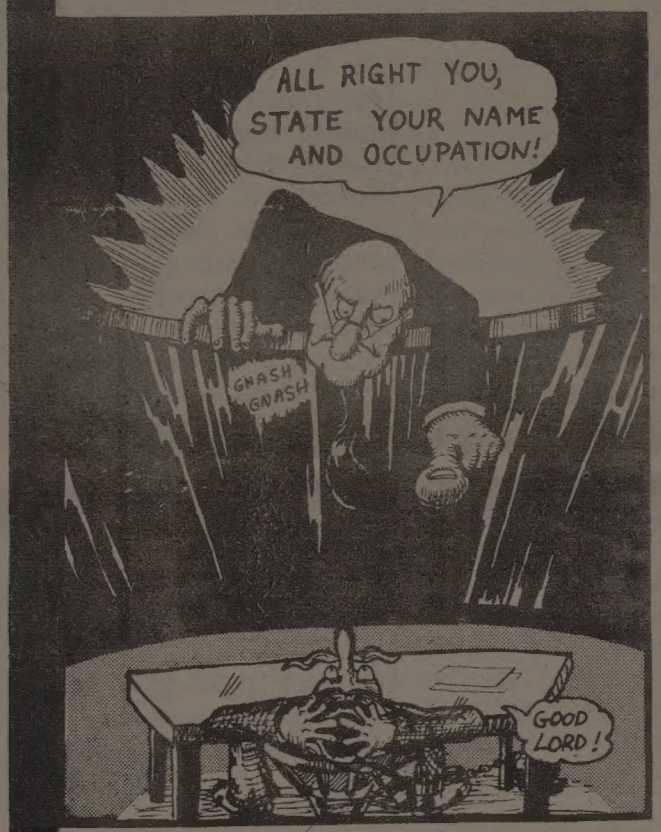
☐ $10 FOR 104 ISSUES (2 YR) ADDR .....

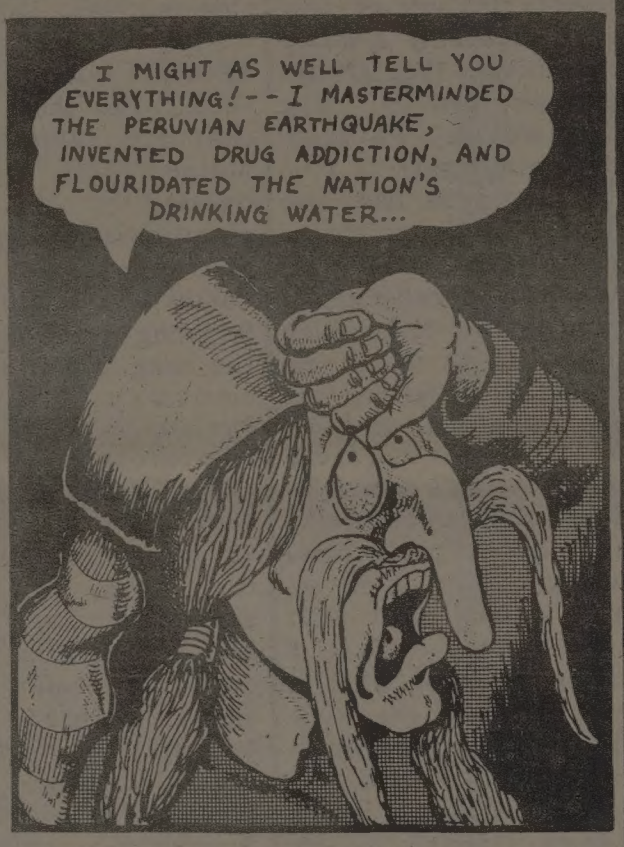
☐ RENEWAL SEND TO: 20 E 12TH ST. (EVO) N.Y., N.Y. 10003

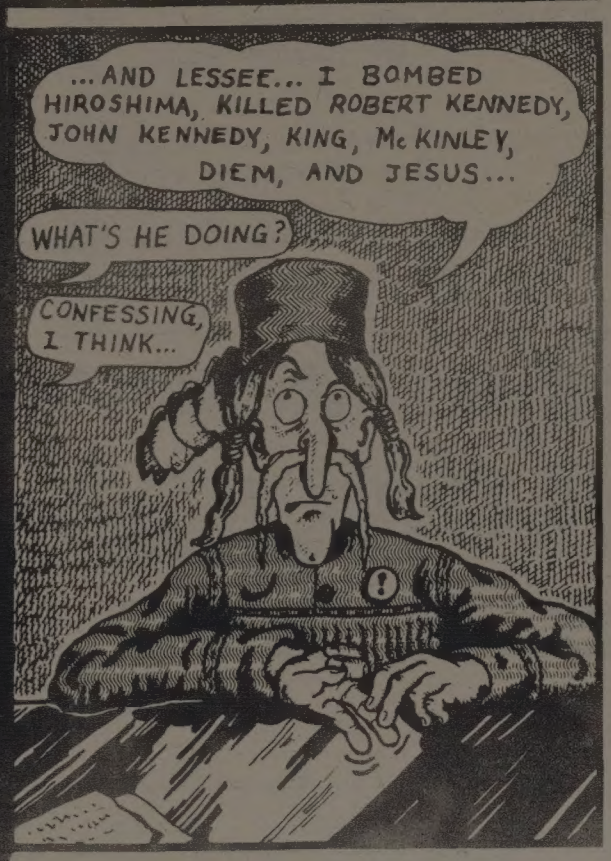
KANGAROO BLUES








I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!--I MASTERMINDED THE PERUVIAN EARTHQUAKE, INVENTED DRUG ADDICTION, AND FLOURIDATED THE NATION'S DRINKING WATER...


...AND LESSEE... I BOMBED HIROSHIMA, KILLED ROBERT KENNEDY, JOHN KENNEDY, KING, McKINLEY, DIEM, AND JESUS...
WHAT'S HE DOING?
CONFESSING, I THINK...

Marijuana Madness IN Washington DC.!!

by Rex Weiner Photos: Neil Benson

The Second Annual Smoke-In took place as scheduled ,in-washington on July 4th, but again, as last year, a virtual news black-out has shut out any pblic view of what actually happened. So here's the full dope:

while freaks from all states arrived by thumb and by car all Saturday, a press conference was held on the steps of the Capitol. It was announced that two simutaneous events would occur the next day: a Smoke-In (for which there was, needless to say, no permit), and an anti-heroin rally called for by the "July Fourth Ad Hoc Committee tostop Heroin Addiction.' Speaker of the House Carl Albert had obligingly signed a permit for the latter, even granting permission for a march M THE Capitol. Newsmen present at the conference seemed confused as to how the two events could go on at the same time, but were assured that the Smoke-In, to take place at the Washington Monument grounds, and the Anti-heroin rally, scheduled for the East Mall some distance away, were separate things.

Even tho every political activist group in the country, from Mayday to the Viet Vets, refused to support either action, thousands of cultural revolutionaries responded to the call for the Smoke-In. They camped around the monument all Saturday afternoon and when evening fell, there was celebration in the face of an obvious build-up in the police forces. The cops were treated to the people's music, dancing, and the largest game of "Duck Duck Goose" ever. In the dark, the people gathered to enjoy each other's energy and good vibes and to laugh at the huge pile of stone erected in memory of America's first hemp-smoking president and revolutionary leader.

At around three in the morning, the pvgs decided that people having so much fun was definite threat to the national security and ordered everyone to leave the monument grounds. Two refused to go and were summarily busted. The rest simply hung around for a few more hours or split in all directions, vowing to return the next day.

Deputy Attorney General Richard Kliendienst had announced earlier that there would be no mass Mayday-type arrests in the event of the threatened Smoke-In, but Park Police Captain Wells promised that anyone smoking dope would be busted. Whatever the contradictions in these statements, the officials were clearly nervous about a re-occurrance of last year's mayhem and deployed their troops uccordingly. The monument grounds swarmed with squad cars and strategically massed groups of pigs who looked like they hadn't changed their uniforms since May Day.

Dawn found about twenty-five hundred people streaming up the slopes toward the monument. David Peel and his Lower East Side musicians appeared out of a cloud of puvgent smelling smoke and began to play their outrageous music. Just as joints started to be lit, the pigs gave the word that evjryone would be busted if they remained. The crowd moved down the Mull and invaded the Folk Festival being held in front of the Smithsonian, going qp to the sound stage and demanding that Peel be allowed to play. Looking out over his new crowd of now nearly five thousand mancacal freaks, stage manager and old folkie, Utah Phillips, wisely agreed that Peel would be the next act.

On stage, Peel cut loose with his favorite streetssongs, "I Smoke Pot Knd I Like It A Lot," and "The Pope Smokes Dope." The crowd danced and clapped while NLF and Yippie flags eaved from the stage. Joints of grass circulated and an Amerikan flag was raised and joyously burned to cheers and wild qhoops.

This, apparently, was too much for the pigs, Three mounted cops and a squad car charged into the crowd while a mess of porkers ran up on the stage and drove everybodq off. For a minute, with herry bombs bursting and bottls flying, it looked like it was going to be pitched battle over just what kind of entertainment the crowd was going to get. But the people realized their own tactical jisadvantage and decided to let the Smithsonian Folkies have their pig-enforced festival while they set up nearby underneath the grees. Dave Peel banged out his raucaous songs about "Have A Marijuana," and the Midwdst Dealers Association (MDA) arrived tossing joints to the dope-hungry masses. Some very nice sunshine (this writer ill attest) was going around also. Things soon reached such a pitch, what with all the smoking, tripping, and good vibes, that the brothers and uisters simply grabbed one another and shouted and danced like dervishes. This went on for hours into the afternoon while the pigs seemed intent only on holding onto the stage. The Smoke-In was not interrupted for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile, the July Fourth Ad Hoc Committee to Stop Heroin Addiction considered the turn-out of zero on the East Mall for their rally and decided to make their point aboutt the flood of smack in this country somehow. So they went over to the Smoke-In at about 9 q.m. and, with very little effort at all, got more than two thousand people to march, flags and banners waving, up to the Capitol. Fafter all, what true, dope-smoking freak doesn't hate what smack has done to every hip community in the country, not to mention the devastation of the back ghettoes?

The cops could do nothing about the people streaming and chanting towards the Capitol, since a permit had been granted for the march. They were forced to guide the vociferous crowd qp to the white building and around to the back steps, where tyy people charged up and stood chanting. "Mar - i- wah-na!," and "Mno More Smack!" Then Dave Peel led the crowd in song, speeches were made about the CIA's involvement with the heroin traffic in Southeast Asia, and a list of demands were read asking for not only an end to all laws regarding grass, but also reparations for the yers of persecution in the form of a "guaranteed free ounce of dope per pjson." The govbrnment was also urged to sign the People's Peace Treaty and accept Mdme. Binh's latest peace proposal.

As a last gesture, more than a dozen hypodermic needles were cast up on the steps of the Capitol to finally demonstrate the people's rejection of the governmentpermitted influx of heroin. The "point" having been made, the crowd left and took the cops by surprise by going around the corner and gathering in front of the Capitol to pitch firecrackrks at the windows and rip up the flower beds. One person was busted for qulling up a flower and the crowd tried unsuccessfully to free him, but were quickly forced to retreat down the marble steps from the building, some stopping momentarily to cut up and eat a watermelon, but most slipping off into the freaked-out night.

It was perhaps the closest an insurgent mob had come to the Capitol itself since the British burned it edon fome years ago. Unfortunately, nobody had a big enough match this time. but we can look ahead to next year and the 3gd Knnual Smoke-In.

HOT NEWS. .

FLASH

On Market St., in San Francisco, the Hare Krishnaites duked it uot a fist swinging melee with a bunch of Jesus freaks. The rumble was over a "turf" or sidewalk dispute. The upshot of the whole thing was a rapid bust of all participants. At a trial a few weeks later the Krishnaintes were convicted of disturbing the peace and prohibited from dancing, singing, or chanting in public for six months.

EXPLORING THE ELEPHANT'S REAR END STANDARD OIL IN SOUTHEAST ASIS

BYY Victor Perlo
Daily World Magazine LIBERATION News Service

The largest offshore oil production in the world today is off Louisiana. But a Standard Oil Company official made this comparison: "...the Louisiana area ia munute compared with Southeuut Asia - about like a postage stamp on an elephant's rear end."

Standard Oil and its affiliates, plus Shell and Texaco are currently pumping millions of dollars into the "elephant's rear" in an attempt to devblop S.E. Asia's rich oil resources. It is likely that U.S. oil companies, if once established offshore, will use the U.S. fleet to protect their position.

U.S. oil's interest in S.E. Asiaiis by no means new. Standard Oil has been in Vietnam since the qurn of the century. When the U.S. replaced French colonial interestssin the 195o's Standard Vacuum, a wholly owned subsidary of Standard Oil, became the largest U.S. business in the country. Its general manager,, George Case, told a Congressional Committee.

,"My own company...has very satisfactory relations with the Vietnamese (Diem) Government. We have access to any official that we want to see...Ou relations with the American Gvvernment officials ir the country wre also good, and we can get a fair, honest hearing at any time with either government."

sThe Standard Oil companies are part of the Rockefeller-Chase M Bank financial-empire.

several years ago Chase Manhattan opened the first U.S. branch bank in Saigon. Set up to serve the U.S. shadow government and the military, it was a fortress bank - windowless with shooting holes for machine guns.

The Rockefeller-Standard Oil group has been very aggressive in pushing Post World War II expansionist U.S. foreign policq. In 1946 Leo D. Welch, then Treasurer of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), said the U.S. must seize "political, social, and economic" leadership in world affairs:

,'we are the majority stockholder in this corporation known as the world. Nor is this for a given term of office. This is a permanent obligation."

Rockefeller men have been architects of Ameri an foreign policy for the past fifteen years. John Foster Dulles was a Standard Oil lawyer and Rockefewler Foundation Chairman. Dean Rusk was also a chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation, and John McCone, CIA chief under Johnson, was a director of Standard Oil of California and major stockholder of that company.

Under these men, the fundamental economic aim of U.S. foreign policy became to make the world super profitable for American corporate investment. Income received on direct foreign invbstments of United States companies increased more than ten times since the end of World War II. Oil companies receive almost half of the total - they receive twice as much foreign profits as all manufacquring companies combined. Nearly 9o per cent of their foreign profits come from the developing cvmtinents.

Last year most corporation's profits declined. But Standard Oil of New Jersey's increased to a record 1.3 billion after taxes. More than half, $681 million, came from foreign investments.

Foreign profits increased more than domestic profits decreased. Jersey's total profits and foreign investment profits exceeded those of any other industrial corporation. Standard Oil of California also made record profits in197o. Four-fifths of its crude oil comes from abroad, mainly Asia. More than half its profits are foreign. Mobil, a Standard company, increased its profits to a new high, with foreign oprations accounting for 49 per cent of profits.

The petroleum industry has historically employed the lowest number of blacks than any other basic industry in the United States. In 1968 onqy 3.9 per cent of all major company workers were black, almost allof them in the lowest wage jobs. In the great Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma crude oil fields, in 1966, only o.8 per cent of the workers were black.

Standard Oil products should be boycotted. A boycott of Standard Oil can be effective. The grape and lettuce boycotts were. The A&P boycott cut that chain's profit one-third in the last quarter.

The Dow Chemical boycott did not hurt decisively because Dow hardly depends at all on direct sales to consumers. Even so, it got Dow out of napalm. Butstandard Oil does depend mainly on direct sales to consumers. Many families own cars, and a decided majority ware now consciously against the war. Standard Oil brands are well known. there are alternatives available, equal in quality and price.

Boycott demands should be:

A 1o cents per gallon cut in the retail price of all gasolines

Priority xiring for black, chicano, indian and other minority workers until they reach population percentage at each job level

No purchases of Standard Oil products until ever U.S. solldier, sailor and airman is out of Indochinese land, sea and air.

For môre cnformation on the boycott of Standard Oil products write:

Uniternational Boycott of Standard Oil Committee
343 S. Dearborn
Room 1416
Chicago ,Ill 6o6o4

and

Another Mother For PEace
4o7 N. Maple Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 9o211

SEATTLE AGENT REVEALS HIMSELF: TRIED TO GET PEOPLE TO BLOW UP BRIDGES

Tribe LIBERATION News Service

SEATLE (LNS)-- An FBI informer who infiltrated the Seattle Defense Committee has revealed himself.

David ichard Sannes decided to make his work with the FBI public because "over a period of months I came to feel considerable revulsion at some of the procedures and tactics" of the FBI.

He filed an affidavit in federal court on April 2 stating that he violated the secrecy of the client-attorney relationship.

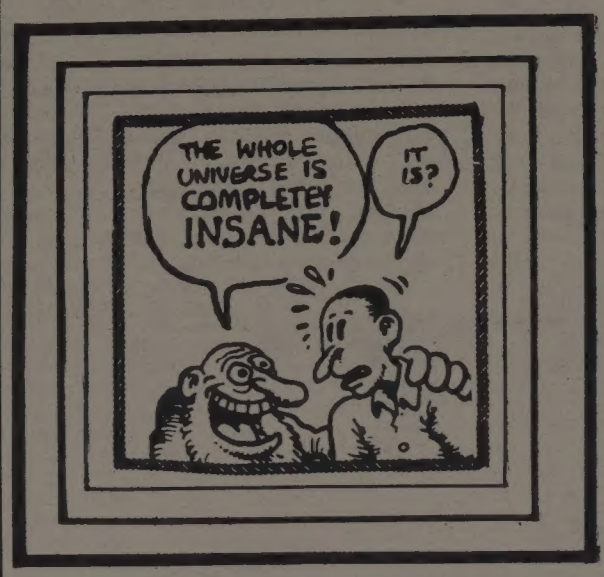
Sannes overheard attorney-client conversations not only between the Seattle 7 and their lawyers, but on two other cases. In one of these cases a defendent admitted that he was guilty. One of the Seattle 7 also boasted of his involvement in another action for which he had beed indicted.

As a result of this affidavit those who are defendents in the Seattle 7 and the two other cases may have their cases dropped. In one case, charges against three people have been dropped and two people acquitted, three more still have court dates.

Sannes also states that the FBI asked him toset-up some brothers and sisters. He was to organize people to blow up bridges. The FBI would provide bombs which would detonate prematurely. This would serve two purposes: it would eliminate several radicals and it would make the FBI look good (since they hadn't caught anyone)

Sannes, who volunteered his services to the FBI hearing Chip Marshall, one of the Seattle 7, speack, offered to provide the FBI "information about other radicals, revolutionaries and political malcontents in the University District". Special Agent Lou Harris, his contact within the FBI asked him to "attend left wing political meetings, rallies, and demonstrations, to takes notes on speakers' remarks, to prepare my own interpretation and evaluation on radical leaders, to evaluate and commento on left wing literature, and to mail him the results of my evaluations".

Sannes operformed this task for the next several months. He then offered to infiltrate the defense of the Seattle 7. Harris was delighted. Sannes started working for the defense committee in the middle of September 1970.



"THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY" SAMS AND KIMBRO SENTENCED TO LIFE

NEW HAVEN (LNS)--After saying he wished them well and would "say a prayer" for them, Judge Harold Mulvey sentenced George Sams and Warren Kimbro, the state's two chief witnesses in the trial of Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins, to life imprisonment.

Because the two men pleaded guilty to second dgree murder in the torture and killing of Alex Rackley, Mulvey had no choice in the sentencing. Under Connecticut state law, life imprisonment is the mandatory sentence for that offense. The two will be eligible for parole in 20 years.

Sams and Kimbro had been the bulwark of the state's case. Sams testified that Bobby ordered Rackley's death and that Ericka boiled the water that was usted to torture Rackley. However Kimbro denied that Ericka had been involved in the torture.

Their sloppy testimony helped make it impossible for the jury to agree on the verdict. Mulbey then dropped charges of first-degree murder, conspiracy to murder, kidnapping, and conspiracy to kidnap against Bobby and Ericka. He said that the publicity made ie impossible to find an unbiased jury for a new trial.

After his sentencing, Sams made a statement to the court: "I would like to thank Mr. Markle and the court for the cooperation that they have given me since the time I have been incarcerated, for two years, and I would like to say I appreciate their hospitality very much".

Kimbro declined to say anything.

Markle, the state prosecutor in the case, spoke in Sams behalf. "...when he comes up before the appropriate board...I will appear in his behalf"

CHICAGO INDIANS BUSTED ON ABANDONED NIKE-BASE-

CHICAGO (LNS) - More than 1oo Chicago cops wielding shotguns, clubs and rifles and driving heavy trucks forcibly evicted about 1 Indians living on an abandoned nike missile early Wednesday morning, July 1.

The Indians were awakened by the tank-like trucks ramming through the heavy cyclone fence surrounding the base. They hurled rocks and bottles at the cops, and a boat trailer was pulled across the torn main ATE AND SET ABLAZE AS A BARRIER. But the brief resustance ended when a cop firef a shotgun. Twelve Indians were arjested and there were several beatings

The Indians had been living on the abandoned millie base since June 14. Initially there were 2, but the number grew and the base took on a new face. The 18-year-old peeling, neglected barracks were painted, tents were erected, and a telephone ws installed. All community responsibilities like cooking, security, garage, running errands for supplies, child care, and entertainment wjre shared equally.

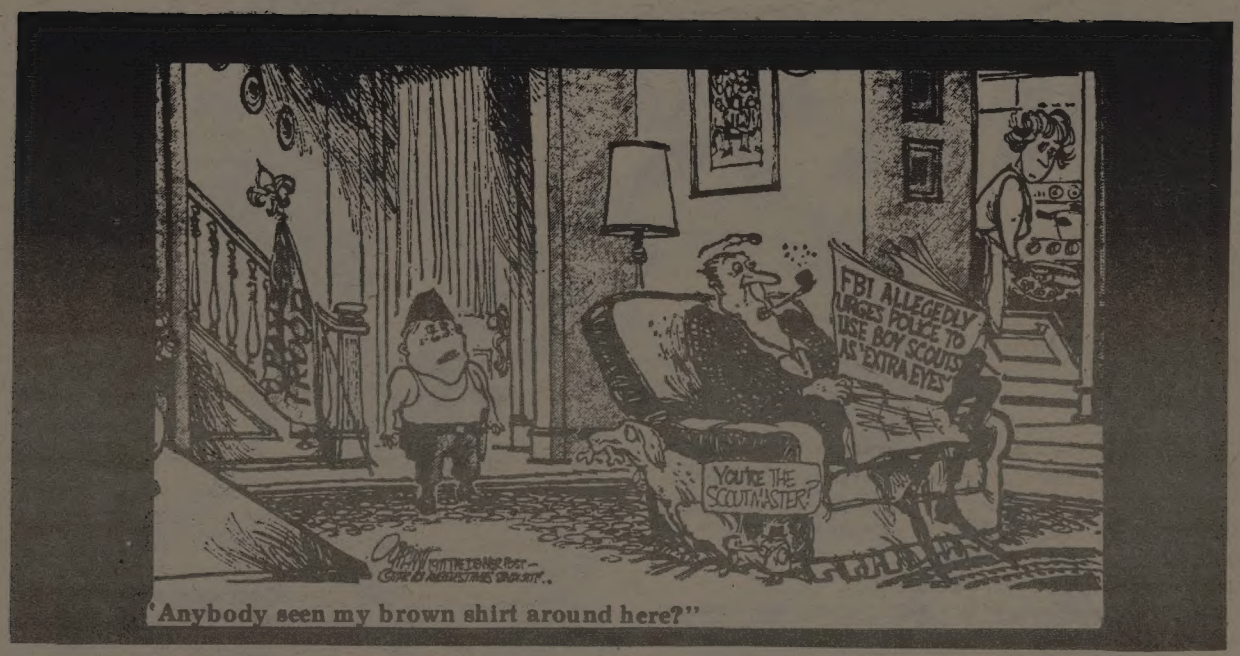
Chicago cops hassled the Indians all during their stay on the base. The second day they were there, cops threw up road blocks on the two roads leading in and out of the base, prohibiting people from coming or going. The official excuse wus that people were gringing liquor vnto the site and it is "illegal to bring liquor on Park District property."

Later that same day, a man on the base broke his leg and had to be taken to the hospital. Cops tried to stop the Indians from passing the barricades, but other Indians threw the barricades aside to let the car through. LatR THAT EVENING AN Indian woman was beaten while walking her dog.

Chicago Indians have been involved in two other actions in the past year, both dramatizing Indian demands for better housing. In May 197o an Indian mother, Carole Warrington, and her six children were forcibly evicted from their home by a Chicago slumlord. Carole then pitched a tent in a vacant lot near Wrigley Field. Soon she was joined by other Indians and the Chicago Indian Village was formed. After the action, the head of the Dept. of HumanResourcs promised the Indians decent housing; nothing has happened yet.

Recently a number of Indian families took over an old tenement in the uptown ghetto area in Chicago where there is a large Indian population. June 13 the tenement was wiped out by fire. The Indians suspect it was set by the police.

Later in the day of the Nike base bust, about 1oo Indians marched into the Loop to demand a meeting with Mayor Daley to protest their eviction.



"Anybody seen my brown shirt around here?"

HI! YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA:
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS SURVEILLED

TEXARKANA, Ark. (LNA(- Cameras and tape recorders now record each class in Texarkana's junior highs and high schools. The policy was adopted following several weeks of racial problems.

The main reason given for this action was that it would serve as a psychological deterrent against further problems. However, one official admitted that they also hoped to record students who "talked back" to teachers

BUS DRIVER STRIKE IN MANILA: FIGHT COPS

MANILA (LNS)-- Student activists, bus and jeep drivers struck in Manila June 21 to protest a proposed increase in oil prices. Drivers must buy their own oil. The strikers barricaded several key avenues in the city and fought with homemade bombs against cops who tried to remove the roadblocks.

The five companies petitioning for increased prices in Manila are Shell, Caltex, Getty Oil, Esso Standart and Mobil Oil.

POISONING THE KIDDIES:
A JOB FOR THE FBI

new york)lns)--According to the Washington Post which recently ran a feature story on J. Edgar .hoover.

"The FBI chief will not touch the delicacies he receives from unknown admirers; he fears someone might slip him some poisoned food. He donates these delectables to orphanages and other institutions".

ARE YOU ON THE PILL?

new york)lns) --Estrogenand progesterone are the two female hormones that make up all birth control pills.

Medical studies have shown estrogen to cause most side effectts to the pill. Such side effects are ussually harmeless and temporary; however, a small number of women taking the pill do experience dangerous complications

Not morer than O5 milligrams of estrogen in each tablet is necessary to ensure 100 per cent contraceptive protection. The following brands of the birth control pill contain not more than .05 milligrams of estrogen in each tablet:

Demulen 1
Demulen .5
Norlestrin 1
Norlestrin 2.5
Norinyl 1
.ortho-Novum 1 - 50
Ovral

MAYDAY IN JULY

by COCA CRYSTAL

Unfortunately the press didn't get a chance to cover the demonstration at Rockefeller Center on July 6th. They had no idea of our purpose there or what we were going to do. Was this because poor planning or lack of political smarts?. Hardly. A week before the action the question of wether we should have a press conference or not. It was overwhelmingly decided not to hold a press conference. We did not want the press to distort our purpose in going to Rockefeller Center.

We learned a few things from the Mayday in Washington. One is that we are not militarily equal to the government and it's affiliated agencies. We committed civil disobedience in the streets on Monday morning. Many got busted Monday morning, about 5000. The call went out to the police to bust anyone who looked like like they might be one of the participants.

Civil disobedience does not mean just getting busted. It means acting in such a way, breaking the law, and risking arrest. Committing civil disobedience and not getting arrested, is of course a preferable act. When you commit o.d. that is the chance you have to take. The summer is a very rough time for the movement. It is difficult to get people to leave the beaches and the beer to and come out to demonstrate against the war.

About a month ago at an open Mayday meeting it was decided to go to Rockefeller Center. There are many reasons for this. One was that we felt a need for an action to keep Mayday alive. Another was that Rockefeller Center contained so many corporations that they were a natural for a target. We started putting our liaflets, explaining why we were going to Rockefeller Center, what each war corporation makes, and how we would accomplish our goal of disruptive civil disobedience;. We decided that our main thrust would be to enter the offices and approach the employees with peace and treaties, leaflets, and we would talk to them. We would try and tell them how they contribute to the war by working for war corporations.

We put up tables at 8th street and 6th Ave. and in other places and handed out leaflets . Our office was burned down. We talk to people on the street about the war. We made more leaflets. We made wall posters and every night went out in clandestine groups putting them all over town. We went on WBAI and WPLJ. We had meetings every week. The general meetings were thought to be too big and we broke into smaller committies. We put in some 12-18 hours a day on these committies. We worked talk, ate and almost lived together for a month before the action.

The day of the action was near. The night before we held an emergency meeting. We knew in putting out our leaflets and calling for people to meet at Rockefeller Center that people would not know what to do or where to go. We also anticipated that it might be difficult if not impossible to enter the buildings. We had seen the security tighten up at Rockefeller Center as the action came closer and closer.

Two people who had been leafletting at Rockefeller Center a week before the action had been pulled into the ESSO building and were questioned for three hours, while they had pictures taking. They knew we were coming. They knew about the meetings and asked about several members of the MAYDAY collective.

For about two weeks before the action we leafletted the employees as they came out of their offices to let them know, that we were coming, that we weren't there to attack them but the policy makers who run the companies.

We decided at the emergency meeting that we would walk around the area with leaflets and hand them out to the people. We also decided that somehow we would get a sense of the security and which places or place it would be easier to enter. It would have to be a word of mouth deal and we would all serve as couriers.

At 8:30 I went to Rockefeller Center to stand on line where they give out free T.V. tickets for the shows that day. Also the . At about 9:00 it was announced that they weren't giving out any tickets for that day. Also the Rockefeller Center tour was called off and the observation tower was closed . The place was lousy with cops, ones in uniform and ones without. BOSS was there in full force with little yellow and red bottons on their lapels.

At about ten thirty we strted handing out our leaflets. Many of us dressed up as straight people. The women in dresses and the men in suites. It was pretty funny to see how straight we cuold look if we tried. We walked around the area for a while and decided that one o'clock would be the time. Many people were in disbelief that we could enter the buildings without even trying. We had gone into the buildings to make sure it would work. And it was the simplest thing to do. All you had to do was walk in. It was that simple. At about one o'clock people started entering the International building. There was some singing and chanting around the directory as people found the floors of the war corporations. Boeing was one of the first places decided upon. We found a self service elevator and filled it with our own and a couple of strangers. One lady from the N.Y. Times came up with us. We went to the door of Boeing and found they were closed. Rather than deal with us they decided to close for the day. N.Y. MAYDAY was written in red paint on their door and "end the war" was written on the walls. We got back on the elevators and escaped, what happened next was that we went into the RCA building and closed down the elevators. All you had to do was go into an elevator and they would turn off the lights and make you get off. The main elevator man was telling his men to shoot up to the top floor and not to come down until he called them. So, if we couldn't ride nobody could. Pretty far out. Several offices in the RCA building were visited. Hamilton watch ont he second floor said that they sold out their subsidiary company that made the war products the week before and were pretty nice. ITT was visited down in the basement as well as RCA Global Communications. They were given peace treaties and leaflets.

The next building that was a lot of fun was the TIME-LIFE , where IBM makes it's residence. (OOn the fourth floor) We went up and first confronted with a crotchery old guard. We explained we only wanted to talk to the employees and were invited in and stayed there for some time talking about the war.

Then there was Sperry Rand to contend with. The recepcionist freaked out but we stayed there and talked for some time until we were thrown out. One member of the group had to be carried out.

While we were chacking out the various companies, other people kept the RCA elevators from moving. The policies of the various companies and the police was no arrests. And none occurred. The press must have been awfully disappointed that there was no violence.. They were probably more dissapointed that we didn't stage the demonstration so that the T.V. cameras could take pictures of it.

Many people didn't get into the act of going up into the offices. It was a great experience for those who did and it is a shame that more people didn't get into it. But maybe the next time?.

Some people from Stonybrook Mayday held the elevators most of the afternoon. Well fucking done. Many people were afraid to do anything. tresspassing certainly isn't that big a thing, but the people that that did go though with it feel good about what they had done. Perhaps the people who were just milling around could have gotten into it. They were told and just watched the others walk into the buildings and did not follow. Maybe they thought that they would get busted. We didn't and even if we did we would probably have been out long before you are reading this story. One thing that is worth noting is, that even with the security and the policies and the undercover agents, it was really easy to get into the buildings just think how much easier it would be wuth ten or twelve people to get in without calling for a demonstration. Perhaps we should call for Rockefeller Center to be the target of the month and send in twelve people every week or every day to do the job. Lots of things could have been done that now can be done.

It is just a matter of getting into the offices but remainding people that there are some of us who are angry, who are against the war,, who will do what is necessary to end it.
So the re it kkghgigh.

So there it is, NY MAYDAY had it;s first action with no busts and no violence. But business as usual at Rockefeller Center did not go on. There was chaos in the minds of those who worked there. They wanted to know what was going on. And we did our damnest to tell them.

It may be interesting to note that the NPAC conference was held last week at Hunter College. It was to be a three day ordeal and it started on friday night. A NY MAYDAY delegation was send and we asked if we could have a speaker speak about the action on July 6th. They said no , but they would read an announcement for us. Just at about that time Hartke got up and spoke at which time fist fights broke out in the croud. A group calling themselves SDS (probably progressive labor) chanted "No ruling class speakers" and they used bullhorns. They bullhorns were forcibly taken away and the NPAC people stared bodily removal of all the SDS(PL) people. We split ans as we were waiting outside for our ride we watched people bouncing off the sidewalks. Some way for peace people to act. These are the people who I might act who voted down the idea of civil disobedience but they are willing to go to violence at their own meetings. The next day or night a call went out for a MAYDAY representative and one madman, Roger Abelson got up and said he represented NY MAYDAY. However Roger had been banned from NY MAYDAY as being suspected undercover man. And he can in no way represent MAYDAY. He gave a speech on saturday and on sunday. Roger is a danger to our organization and to any organization who lets him in. Be on the lookout. We are working on getting all available information and pictures to distribute to other underground papers. Any one having information on Roger can send it to Coca Crystal(in care of E.V.O.) 20E 12th street, NYC, N.Y. 10003-.

Incidently since there was such poor response to the Coca Crystal contest, the prize will go to those who glued up the locks of several companies at Rockefeller Center. Right on. And until next time, peace is what we want. And we can have it if we demand it. Don't just sit on the beach wondering what you can do. Organize your friends and work for peace organizations. Visit Rockefeller Center with some peace treaties. Get it on, brothers and sisters, whereever you are!!!!.

TRAVEL by Harvey Matusow

One of the major problems which the non-well heeled American tourist. especially the young and the student faces when cvming to Europe, is just getting in the country· Immigration men in England. as well as a number of countries on the Continent have a built in prejudice against anyone with long hair, and free, casual clothing. There are no figures available on the number of young people turned away. and shipped back to the States from England last year - buhhthe number is sizable.

So. if you are planning to make for the U.K. this year, it would be good to keep ultra cool, and at least until you've passed through immigration, look as straight as possible.

The first, and probably the most important thing is NEVER SAY YOK WANT TO FIND WORK. The im migration man will try uto bait you into admitting this, and if you do, it will mean immidiate deportation. Once in. however, you can, if you need the bread, try to score for some temporary work· The best way to do this in London, is to contact BIT (Phone-229-8219) who frequently know of part time jobs, such as office cleaning.

6 BIT is an information service, free, which can turn you on to most of what's happening in London, as well as much of the U.K.

TIME OUT. a magazine guide to what's happening. is probably as good as guide as exists here or anywhere. All listings are free, and most everything phat is going on when you arrive will be listed· (Concerts, Film. Hapqnings· Folk. Pop and a vast range of events which put the whole scene into a real perspective, making a visit here much less of a hassle then it might be.

THE NEW ARTS LAB 1 Robert Street, London N· .) is finally func tioning at full steam. Underground Films, New Theatre, Music and events are on daily· In addition to the Arts Lab. the Roundhouse, at Chalk Farm now has a restaurant with cheap good food, and where you won't feel uncomfortable if you have to wait and meet someone. The events at THE ROUNDHOUSE vary. but at least one night every week there is a good pop concert - the place is about the most natural building in the country for Pop Concerts. The restaurant by the way is open most of the day and into the night.

Late night films at the Electric Cinema on Portabello Road, in the Nottinghill Gate area (The East Village of London) has late film shows on friday and saturday, and if you are alone, and want to just meet someone, this is as good a place as any to do it·

The Gate. as the Nottinghill Gate Area is called is probably the most com fortable area in town for young people· Spending a Saturday afternoon on the Portabello Road and the chances are fairly good that you'll run into someone who you know. It's a long narrow street of antique and food markets and has the tone of a fun fair. It's one of the few people streets in London.

It's not quite so peopled during the week, but the Pubs and cheap cafes at the bottom of Portabello road will usually produce some energy and life.

In Europe this year, one of the places to AVOID if you are under 2'. is Paris. The police are bjutal, and couldnt care who you are, what country you are from. They have a standing hate on for all young people. and apropo of nothing more then their need to assert their authority. they pick the young up in the street. on the subway. or if you happen to be sitting in a cafe minding your own business. An American friend of mine visited Paris a few weeks ago, and was stopped by the police three times in the course of two hours. Once they stopped him while he wus riding in a taxi, pulled him out, did an identity check, and then hauled him off to jail for six hours while they checked on his story. By the time they let him go. it was too late for either subway or bus, and he had a three hour walk back to his hotel, and during that walk he was stopped twice more.

But Amsterdam is today probably the most exciting city for young people in all Europe. It's not the speckfics, but the tone and texture of the place. The country is small and overcrowded. and the authorities have come to grips with the reality that young people exist, and rather then split the society down the middle over age differefces, they have adopted a poliicy of greater co-existence between the generations. That doesnt mean you might not be hassled for giving the wrong answers to an im migration man when entering the country - but once in. if you are cool, you can find ample axcitement. This also applies to Denmark - More then just Copenhagen. Get out into the Danish countryside, ask around, and you'll find some of the best communes in Europe.

In Denmark it's best to know someone who is there before you go, otherwise you might have problems finding places to go and things to do. Except in Copenhagen, which as any major city has its own magnetic pull which will allow you to find that which you're looking for.

In both Holland and Denmark English is not a handicap. as most people have some knowledge of it. But if you go to France, don't depend on your English· For sometimes, even if the frenchman you meet speaks english. he won t admit it. he won't speak it. France is a hard. uc tight country at the moment, and there is little joy or pleasure for anyone who doesnt have a lot of money·

Sex Books People Play

by Ricard Morris

If I were to meet someone who found it necessary to talk continuously about how sexually liberated he was, I would suspect that he was hung up. When an entire society does this, I am led to suspect that it is hung up.

We are witnessing something approaching a mass sexual neurosis. The sex that inundates the mass media and all our advertising, the porny bookstores that are springing up everywhere, the bestseller sex books that the Mad Ave publishers keep cranking out are certainly not indications that we are healthy. These things indicate instead that our fears, our anxieties and our frustrations are strong enough that quite a bit of money can be made by anyone willing to cater to them.

If we are sexually neurotic, that does not make us very unique. Western civilization has always had sexual hangups, and at times it has been more than neurotic. Unlike the people in most non-Western cultures we have always had difficulty accepting sexuality as just another (very enjoyable) part of life. The Victorians tried to pretend that it wasn't there; we go to the other extreme and pretend that there isn't anything else (sometimes I think that this society is telling me that the only important part of a man is his prick and that God is a big Pussy in the Sky). We congratulate ourselves on how "liberated" we are without realizing that we are behaving exactly as the Victorians did; like them, we give sex a grossly exaggerated importance.

Anyone who lives in a culture which gives sex this kind of emphasis is not likely to remain entirely free from anxiety. This anxiety manifests itself in a number of interesting ways. It is said, for example, that there is only one thing a man will not admit he cannot do well. He may be perfectly willing to say that he plays a poor game of golf or that he is a rotten chess player, and in rare cases he may even admit to being a baddriver, but he will never say that he is not good at making love. However mediocre a man may be in every other area of life, he is always a great lover!

At one time the delusion was easier to maintain, and the sexually insecure male didn't have so much to worry about. If his wife had had no experience with other men, she obviously could not make comparisons (I wonder if this wasn't the motivation behind that old idea about marrying a virgin). If he had any doubts he could always take refuge behind all the symbols of "masculinity" that he had erected—or go to a prostitute who, in return for an agreed-upon sum of money, would willingly feign to be going crazy once he got it in her.

Things are tougher today. You can't always tell your wife or girlfriend how great you are in bed; she might laugh because she knows better—or bitch because she didn't come too. And nowadays a woman too can be beset by doubts. Is she enjoying it as much as she's supposed to? Does she want it too much? Does she want it too little? Does she have a smelly vagina?

The sex books are meant to be very reassuring. Their authors go to great lengths to tell you that sex is good clean fun, and really nothing to get uptight about. Fucking is a natural human pastime. There's nothing wrong with sucking his cock; there's nothing wrong with eating her pussy. And, if for some reason or another, you can't get any, go ahead and jerk off; it's perfectly natural. Most of the authors dispense a lot of sensible advice, but eventually they almost always reveal that they have hangups of their own, that they're just as screwed up as the rest of us.

Dr. David Reuben is a psychiatrist who is hung up about everything that isn't quite "normal." Most of the advice that he gives in his *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* (Bantam, $1.95) isn't too bad. The book contains illuminating discussions of problems such as frigidity and impotence (the latter, the author says, is experienced by about 100% of the male population at one time or another). He puts down the marriage manual, or "Popular Mechanics" approach to copulation, commenting, "In sexual intercourse, real human emotions can make up for any lapses from perfect form." And don't worry about what other people think of your sexual behavior, he advises; they don't care—they have their own problems.

But it dbesn't take Dr. Reuben long to reveal that he is very much a conservative. He goes so far as to urge the reader to stick to intercourse in a face-to-face position. Do you want to try rear entry fucking for variety? Don't bother, Dr. Reuben says, you really won't enjoy it. Do you like oral-genital sex? Well, that's ok as foreplay, he says, but don;t come to orgasm that way; you'll find it terribly unsatisfying.

Dr. Reuben is entitled to his point of view. And, in fact, this might be excellent advice for someone who really doesn't care for sexual experimentation. What is annoying is the dogmatic way in which he states his opinion. He gives no arguments to support his position beyond stating flatly that standard-position sex is more enjoyable than anything else. Reading what Dr. Reuben says, one has the impression that he doesn't want to argue about it, that he really wishes that all these sexual "irregularities" didn't exist so that he wouldn't have to discuss them. He seems uptight.

When Dr. Reuben gets to such subjects as homosexuality this uptightness becvmes even more glaringly apparent. He can't seem to accept the idea that some people may prefer kinds of sexual a tivity that differ from the varieties he likes himself. Reiterating his dogma that there is no substitute for a penis in a vagina, he goes into tirades about how homosexuals really can't be enjoying the things they do. If you're gay, he says, then you're doomed to a life of frustration; whether you realize it or not, what you really want is to get into a pussy.

Homosexuals have problems, certainly. But not because there's anything so unnatural about being gay. They have problems because the worlf is so full of uptight moralists like Dr. Reuben who (perhaps because they have fears about their own "normality"?) go compulsively on and on telling the homosexuals that they are sick. I don't suppose much can be done about this. It seems to satisfy some basic human need; even those of us who can accept the fact that some people may have different sexual tastes often get uptight about people who are different in other ways. Our society is full of racists - both white and black; longhaired rednecks have become even more common than the crewcut variety. Maybe you think Reuben's putdown of homosexuals is a minor fault. If it is, so is all other human intolerance.

If Dr. Reuben is a sexual Nazi, "J" is at least as hung up as Reuben. In **The Sensuous Woman** (Lyle Stuart, $6.oo; Dell, $1.25) the author urges that anyone who wants to be "all woman" should learn to move her ass and pelvis "as if they were loaded with ball bearings." In addition, she should practive "sensuality exercises," to learn to control her vaginal muscles, bone up on oral-genitall techniques, and learn to enjoy mouth - penis orgasm. ')Anal sex. however, is optional.) You don't want him to come in your mouth? Nonsense, the author says. Describing yer own first experience of this kind, she rhapsodizes, "My mouth and tongue ware hungry to taste and feel all of him. So I did. Wow! It was even better than caviar and champagfe."

Obviously this is a good book to give your girlfriend. If you donT WIND UP KEEPING IT YOURSELF, THAT IS. **The Sensuous Woman** is written with an enthusiastic wit that makes it a delight. I suspect that the author particularly enjoyed writing the setion on "Nibbling, Eating, Licking and Sucking." Afxter going into such techniques as "The Butterfly Flick," on Page 18)

LETS JAZZ AGAIN LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER

Its Wednesday and I wake up. Jazz all over again and it means more to me than all the rock and roll that this nickel dime jubekox jive town has come up with yet. Yeath his summer its jazz all over once again. The rock mainline has gone pretty dry in the past few weeks and the scene looks pretty bleak for the whole summer. It's worse than T.V. the reruns I mean. Nothin g but the top name acts booked into those football baseball stadiums around the elecvtric mecca playing tired renditions of last years hit tunes. I don't think anyone should pay to hear that crap. If the groups wanna make money they're going to have to stop playing oldies and come up with something representing the mood and sentiment of the American rock seventies. Especially the Beach Boys.

Jazz is different. It goes on all year long and there are very few songs that are played like oldiest. Jazz always new always different always exciting. If you can get the your head maybe you will be able to pick up on some of it. Its the only real American form of musical expression. Jazz was born here and this is where you should lend your ear and your brain.

Old Daniel Webster has something to asay anbout Jazz. He called it: A kind of syncopated music with tonal variations and melodic effects. Yep that about covers it. So I got out my pencil and paper and checked out what new stuff has been foisred on the public since last time. You can call it what you may, It's all about the last time that jazz came my way.

A record tyat came out last season that I did'nt get a chance to write about. By now I've worn the grooves off on it entirely. It's that good. Rassan Roland Kirk and his Vibration Society made this one live in some bar somewhere out there. The music is out there too. For the benefit of those who don't know who or what he is. Roland Kirk was once on the cover of downbeat playing 3 saxophones at once. That's not so unusual these days but it was 7 years ago. He's blind and black and his music at times is as spaced out as there is on record. He's melodic psychotic and completely hypnotizing with the stuff that he plays. I can sit and listn to this one for days. It's called On Records Num. He has Un o unobstructed creative freedom and uses it to the fullest. He is Living Jazz and plays like a dream. Twilight zone scenes come to mind when I you hear what he does. On this record he attemps successfully to split the mind in 2 parts, the part on the left say "OOHBLADEE" and the part on the right say "What Do He Mean By That" pure unadulterated space is where he's at hard to believe that his fame and his name is known by only a selected few. Maybe next it'll be you.

Taking a musical time trip back to the 40s and the 50s you'll find a long series of artists that reflect the mellow side of jazz. Before Trane came around there was mostly only the soft sound of big band jazz. Thats all that they had. A series of new releases on Roulette records preserve these valuable years for your ears to hear. The Jazz Era of long ago is now available so all can know where the stuff at these days came from. They call it Echos AN Era Series. It's all about a bunch of double albums feta featuring the greatest interpreters of the contemporary sounds of that era. Stuff from another time another place. Stuff from the space inbetween yesterday and tomorrow a long time ago. The first record has 2 pillars of American jazz. It's called The Duke Ellington Louis Armstrong - Dany Barcelona and Trummy Young and a few others. All the songs are classics with Dukes Place In Mood Indigo. Solitude, I'm Beginning to See It's comming back, 50s fantastic to hear all these songs again .. It's coming back, 50s jazz I mean. Maybe it'll even get on the radio as soon as the flips get trip.

Another record in the set is The Count Basie Years, festuring his band of long ago with 40 of the greatest vocalists of the past century Tony Bennet, Sarah Vaughn - Joe Williams and Billy Eckstein. They're all permanently preserved in plastic so all can know what was going on way back when. In the next disc are recordings from 1950 to 1962 it's called the Johnny Smith Stan Getz years featuring such great songs as Moonlight in Vermont A Foggy Day and Deep Purple All classic representations of their own time. More records in this set are, Tge Piano Players featuring Art Tatum Errol Garner, Bud Powell and Billy Taylor. And my favorite album The Herbie Mann Manyard Ferguson Years. It's the best of the lot maybe cause I like the way Manyard plays mor than almost another musician alive or dead. It's on roulette records Num. RE 109, Names that help thee stars on this record are Joe Zwanilu, Frankie Dunlop and Rufus Jones.

In another album Manyard comes out of semiretirement and blows my mind away once more another time he stood up to play and everyone listened. It's called Manyard Ferguson M.F. Horn. Just recorded recently on Columbia Num. C30466. It features some pop stuff that he's reworked beautifully and some new stuff thats unheard of. The music is new really new the sounds the rhytms the people that he has playing with him on it are as yet unheard of. It takes a while getting used to but the music gets thru after a while. He's been in India for a couple of years after leaving Millbrook cause it got too overun with tripped out teenaged kids.yaah Manyard Ferguson maybe back with us yet. I hope he does some personal appearances here in the stated. I sure would like to see him Play.

Moveing over into the space music side of the jazz world there is been some new releases out there too. A name you might know is Albert Ayler. He's dead you know but his music still remains fresh and alive. Recorded 2 years ago it's his album approapatkey entiles Albert Aylers last Album on Dunhill Records Num. AS9208. Its out there all right. They speak of him as a spirit instead of a jazz artist, maybe they're right. there's one thing for sure, they don't come along like this very often. His far reaching approach to sounds and songs and dances inside of melodic trances forms the musical cornerstones of many young jazz artists repetory. ALL the stuff he put down before she split has to be taken with a completely open mind or it'll pass you right by. This music is high of the highest order dissonances and melodic clashes interspursed with screaming reaching saxophone stuff show what he was made of and maybe where he was trying to move jazz to. People that really don't dig this stuff find it hard to sit still and listen for longer than 10 or 15 minutes as a time. It gives you funny itches inside your brain places that you just can't get to by ordinary means. Music from the twilight zone. Albert Ayler is all alone on the other side of the life line but his music ages like the finest wine. Tray some time.

Booker Ervin, another unknown name although he has some fame among the established core of contemporary jazz people. He's dead too but like Ayler left a legacy of sound to be passed around from Here to Far. Barnaby records has released some of the stuff that was out a long time ago. It's called Booker Ervin That's It Num. Z30560. On he back cover they eulogise him by saying stuff like he was with Mingus in the late 5 s and this and that the fact maybe that all those cats that were playing with him were really getting off on Booker. He was a magnificent preformer and one of the most capable technically trained sax men ever to come down the road. He had something, they tell me, something that you really only knew if you had the opportunity to play with him. He was one f the early prime movers in a back stage kind of way. While others in the field were out making headlines all he wanted to do was play. It's only fitting that we salute his great talent in out own way. Booker Ervin is gone away.

They don't usually supress albums in the jazz category but this one may be an exception. No advertising no promotion no nothing. It maybe the unhearled album that everyone has been looking for. A long story and I don't wanna bore you with the details. It's called **Charley Hayden Liberations Music Orchestra**, Impulse Records Num. AS9183. It's got some people connected with it you may know. The arraingements were done by Carla Bley, a name in all senses of the way. A collection of musicians reads like last years whose ago. Don Cherry , Sam Brown, Dewy Redman, Bob Northern and handfull of others make music with a different kind of theme. The liner notes say, "This album is dedicated to a creating a world without war without killing a better world. We hope to see a new society of enlightenment and wisdom where creative thought becomes the most dominant force in all peoples lives." Pretty clear. Yeah the music is too some of it is based on some songs from the Spanish civil war, it makes an interesting hours listening to hear this tuff, music with liberation in mind.

There is some music that will liberate your mind. Strangely enough I'm going to say. His name is **Olatunji**. He played in the African pavillion of the N·Y.C. worlds fair years ago and now an album of his increadable stuff. Lots of drums and some African singers, a few instruments like saxophones and you have the closest to the roots jazz band on record. Its African music with the chanting and the drums and all the jungle rhythems that they could find close your eyes and you're in the bush tromping along thru the trees . It's simply called Olatunji Num. SR42063.

Pharo Sanders plays African music too, although its closest traditional jazz than Olatunjis stuff you still can hear places far away in his latest album. It's calle **Tehmbi** and I have sweet Jane in Boston to thank for turning me on to it Pharo Sanders name has always been associated with high energy jazz years ago his album called **Karma** was the biggest thing in bi energy circles . Since playing with Alice Coltrain on her last record he's mellowed out increadably sweet sounds that go around and around. Asembling a bunch of talent he's managed to put together another band that plays with him so well that you're not aware that there's mor than one sound coming out of the speakers. He is one to lead many in the jazz world both preformers and listeners alike. **Pharo Sanders Thembi** Num. AS9206.

Three different piano players with 3 different ways of saying stuff Joe Zwainul. Atlantic Records No. sd 1'79. Just a name from out of nowhere but hes been around many times before on other peoples work other peoples albums now hes got his own. Its really new and inventive stuff. he calls it music for 2 electric pianos flute trumpet soprano sax 2 contrabasses and precussion. The other piano player is Herbie Hancock a man with a name, a man with a fame. Miles Davis says of Zwainul that hes extending the thoughts that many so called musicians have not yet been able to express. Yeach everyone in the jazz world on the prevormers side of the line knows abount him maybe you too will know. People stop by to play on this alxum too. Names maybe familiar to you. Jack DeJohnette Wayne Shorter, Miroslav Vitous Hubert Laws. They all came by to see what they could land to the preformance. It shows when you play with the besto youd better be the best. Zwainul Is....

Herbie Hancock, his name is on everyones tounge lately, This must be his season for wide acclaim although fame is long time happening he played with miles a while ago then broke off on his own. Hes got his own band his own ensemble that happening around these days his publicity agent has been askeing me to hype him in all sorts of ways. It Turns me off when people get pushy but herbie is food he plays the new

(Continued on Page 15)

Who is the third that walks beside you?

by William Burroughs

"Now it might surprise you to know there was another man in your position some thirty-five years ago today" his voice trails off. The ash gathers on his Havana held in a delicate grey cone the way it does on a really expensive cigar. "Yes, he wanted to give it all back, everything he's ever taken anywhere. Oh he'd walk down the street giving a smile back here, a gracious nod over there, and a firm young ass over *here* (stay in line Gertie). He'd breathe life and sweetness back into bones rotten with stronness and even understandably top secret 'Operation Pee Pee,' the bones and blood and brains of a hundred million more or less gooks down the drain in green cancer piss, would be rethe shop, his casting rod and fishing plug slung over one shoulder, trying with the most lamentable results to impersonate a barefoot boy with his string of bull-heads, or is it just plain old country bull-shit from a Saturday Evening Post cover? He twisted rapidly, scooping up the change like a boy who has just heard 'last one in is a sissy' and maladroitly snagged an old peasant in the scrotum with his fishing plug. Then in a mistimed attempt at easy joviality he snapped open his Holtium and even understandably top lywood switch blade and said: "Well I guess we'll just have to cut the whole thing off." He muttered something versed. Tomorrow when he was prop- about calling a doctor, made a vague erly rested he would have a talk first ineffectual gesture from a New Yorker with his bankers and later of course cartoon inadvertently blinding the pro- with Winkhorst in the Technical de- prietor's infant son. Finding that all partment to set 'Operation Rewrite' his overtures of good will had fallen going round the clock" ("/ laser guns quite flat he ran back to the 1920s washing *in present time* / rockets where he took refuge in Sid's, soothing across the valley / whole sky burning his shattered nerves with long cool /". His sad servant stands on the burn- draughts of needle beer. All the old ing buckling deck of an exploding star, tunes and sad old showmen stand last glimpse through gun smoke in there in blue twilight Silver Dollar Dan streets of war and death long ago and and Little Boy Blue dead stars fading far away. You see, Mr. Bradley, that sad train whistles a distant sky. /"

boy was your servant who did what you were afraid to do yourself and you laughed at him for doing it and joked about Operation Expendable in the urinals of present time.)

"/ Stranger, forget seventy tons to the square inch and be gone at the flutes. Death takes over in busy lands ashes gutted cities of America and Europe. Empty air marks authority over all antagonists late afternoon on white steps of the set. See, the chains are fallen. Long long radio silence on Portland Place. Light years of youth flapping down a windy street with the torn September sky."

"Remember when you were a kid and Relative Albert was just writing two plus two equals=nova on the blackboard and you told the other boys if you were ten light years away you would be able to see your birthplace and yourself as a baby? Well, it's all out there the refuse of all past time on earth worked flints empty condoms needle beer in Sid's all the old names. They want to eat and they want to eat regular because they are trapped in image and image is in eating virus. Now you understand about time? After a certain point you can't go on feeding the past; too much past and not enough present because 'present time' *is* the point where the image virus of past time finds traction in present host. So the host walks out on the past, he walks out on the present *pre* sent at the same time you got the point now you dumb hick the intersection point in the urinal of present time? Well it's all urine and about time to retire. Some things I find myself doing I'll just pack in is all. Now look, this whole time thing, past image feeding on the present, we knew it had to end some time but remember when

(Continued on Page 16)

BEARS & WOLVES

BY NELLIE FERNALD

Among the wildlife you're likely to see if you visit the north woods is an amusing or prestiferous, sometimes even dangerous and destructive fellow that roams the wilds from one side of the continent to the other ¯ the black bear· Although he lives well everywhere - from Mexico to Alaska - the thrives particularly well where it's a bit colder, in the northern part of North America· However thzsblack bear, like everybody else, is feeling the stress of over¯ crowding. His original range is being taken over by humans and to com¯ pensate, the animal has to steal from the farmers and ranchers who have invaded the bear's territory.

as a result, sheep are often victims and farmers don't generally regard the black bear with any warmth. On the other hand, campers often find them either amusing to watch or a threat to the camp and its stores. The bear acquired his taste for camp food a long time ago, during the Klondike Gold Rush - in fact while the miners were away downstream thepning or digging for gold, the black bears got their first taste of smoked meat, dried fruit, flour and sugar, and they decided it was every bit as good and maybe even better than tearing apart tree stumps for vrubs, or knocking down ant hills for the contents. or upsetting a bee's nest and eating the honey, the wax and the lar¯ vae. Camp food meant good eating and soon word spread and black bears foraged among the Klondike camps· When the gold gave out. just any old camp would do. Today, campers in American wilderness areas quite likely will be visited by a black bear.

The bear usually seems a bit comical and likeable and the inexperienced camper is even dumb enough to tempt he animal close with food. An excellent in dealing with the black bear is ON'T FEED HIM· His natural menu is a good one - what does he need all that plastic stuff for· It includes berries. fish and game. Although the black bear is not usually categorixed as a dangerous wild beast - in fact, he has a friendly disposition ¯ he can kill, does kill to eat. and has the capability to kill a human· Black bears sometimes weigh in at 6 pounds which is heavier than some grizzlies, and their sharp claws have done plenty of damage to campers who were overly hospitable.

The animals tend to be londers - if you see two together during the summer. they're probably mating. This lasts a couple of weeks, then the bears go their separate ways, often in search of a campfire or a cabin kitchen.

6 Man and dog have been friends for thousands of years but man and wild dog, or wolf, have irritated each other for just as long. 2,'00 years ago, in Greece, a bounty was placed on the head of the wolf, and today we have stories. not only from the Steppes, but from across North America, of livestock slaughtered by wolf packs. Some of these wolf attack stories are incredible· One wolf, (this is true), averaged one calf every fourth night for eight years· Sometimes he killed wantonly fifty sheep in a single night. Some interpid old wolves have been hunted for ten or twelve years or longer ¯ so wily is the wolf at eluding even the most com¯ plicated hunting schemes of man.

Although he has long been a villain in folklore, fairy tales and in the everyday life of livestock raisers, the wolf is the embodiment of everything laudable as a steady family man· The wolf's family is devoted to each other. The young generally are born in the late spring and soon join their parents for a long period of learning· They stay with their parents for two or three years and usually this accounts for the "wol pack" ¯ the entire family running together and operating as if they have a system of com¯ munication that enables them to take up the right positions in the hunt. They will herd a quarry to the edge of a cliff and run ih over. In winter they will run a deer onto pce where it ck get no foothold· In summer. they take up their position on both banks of a river and keep a deer swimming until the animal is exhausted.

The wolf is enormously strong. He can sever the spine of a cat with one bite; he breaks a deer's leg the same way· He s earned a reputation for supernatural cunning. He knows not to eat poison bait set out for him· He can stay just out of a man's rifle range, and his endurance is immense. He can keep up a steady speed of twwve to twenty miles an hour for several hours. His victim almost always tires before he does.

He probably does not attack man. although this controversy seems never to die· A lengendary giant of a trapper in the north lost all but a couple of his sled dogs in a distemper epidemic, so the story goes, but that didn't stop him. He captured enough wolves to make up a complete dog team, he muzzled them, harnessed them, and then when they were in harness, he'f take off the muzzles - otherwise the wolves would not pull. Cringing. their tails between their legs, the wolves did what the trapper wanted them to do, but they despised the kob and never grew truly tame·

Wolves were not meant to pull sleds but they do have a purpose pn nature's scheme of things. Modern wildlife research has disproved the once deep conviction that alpwolves should be eliminated in the interest of man· In fact, they do more good than harm They serve as a check on rodents; they cull surplus big game; they're recot nized now as one of nature's balances. The creature that helps vreserve the environment it seems. is the one man has tendency to destroy.

THE AMAZING LIVER

Out of the Stilly Vast Reaches of Extraterrestrial Night

CREAKING AND GROANING AS THOUGH FROM THE WEALTH IN HER HOLDS, THE FAT FREIGHTER PLODS ALONG THROUGH THE TWILIT INTERSTELLAR SPACES.... SEEMINGLY A PLUMP PRIZE INDEED FOR ANY BOLD, DARING PIRATE!!!

8M-12

SEEN ANY BOLD DARING PIRATES LATELY, MALLOY?

HELL, NO. DAMN SCREENS ARE AS BLANK AS A LUNAR DESERT.... CHRIST, WHAT A BORING BEAT!

POLICE-8M-12

WHAT ABOUT THESE ROCKS... THINK THERES A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS?

SNORT! I KINDA THINK ANY BOLD, DARING PIRATE WOULD BE SO STUPID AS TO LURK IN THE ONLY ASTROLITH DRIFT FOR A BILLION MILES! NO WAY!

IT'S KIND OF A SHAME, TOO. I COULD USE A GOOD LAUGH OR TWO!!

CAPT'N LIVER, SIR!

HUMMMIDDEDEE

DIG IT! A FREIGHTER! AN' FAT AS THEY COME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? THE DUMMIES ARE FLYING RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!

LIKE MANNA FROM HEAVEN! GUNS! LOAD MY COCK ONE, LOOGIE ROUND! ENGINES! READY TO FIRE!

NO FREIGHTER'S THAT DUMB! GOTTA BE A CATCH TO IT!

THERE ISN'T ANY, DUMMY PACKAGE! THIS FREIGHTER DIG THAT DUMB!

?

PAP! KOCH! POP!

ATTENTION, YOU FAT, DEFENSELESS MONEYBUCKET!!! THIS IS THE FEARSOME LIVER, SCOURGE OF TH' SPACEWAYS AN' ALL THAT CRAP! I GONNA BLOW YA OUTA THE ETHER IF YA DON'T PREPARE FOR BOARDING!!!!

HE CAN'T TELL ME THERE ISN'T A CATCH!

WITH A FLICKER OF ELECTROCHAMELEOSIS, THE FAT FREIGHTER MAKES A SHOCKING CHANGE OF IDENTITY.....

UH...THIS IS THE FAT MONEYBUCKET TO TH' SCOURGE OF TH' SPACEWAYS... WHAT'S TH' SCORE, STUPID?

!

POLICE 8M-12

COPS! THE DIRTY, LOW-DOWN TOADSUCKERS! ENGINES! REVERSE BURN!

THAT'S TH' CATCH!

CATCH! IT'S A TRAP! A DIRTY, LOW-DOWN TRAP!

CHOOF!

TWONG!

KUNK!

BONG!

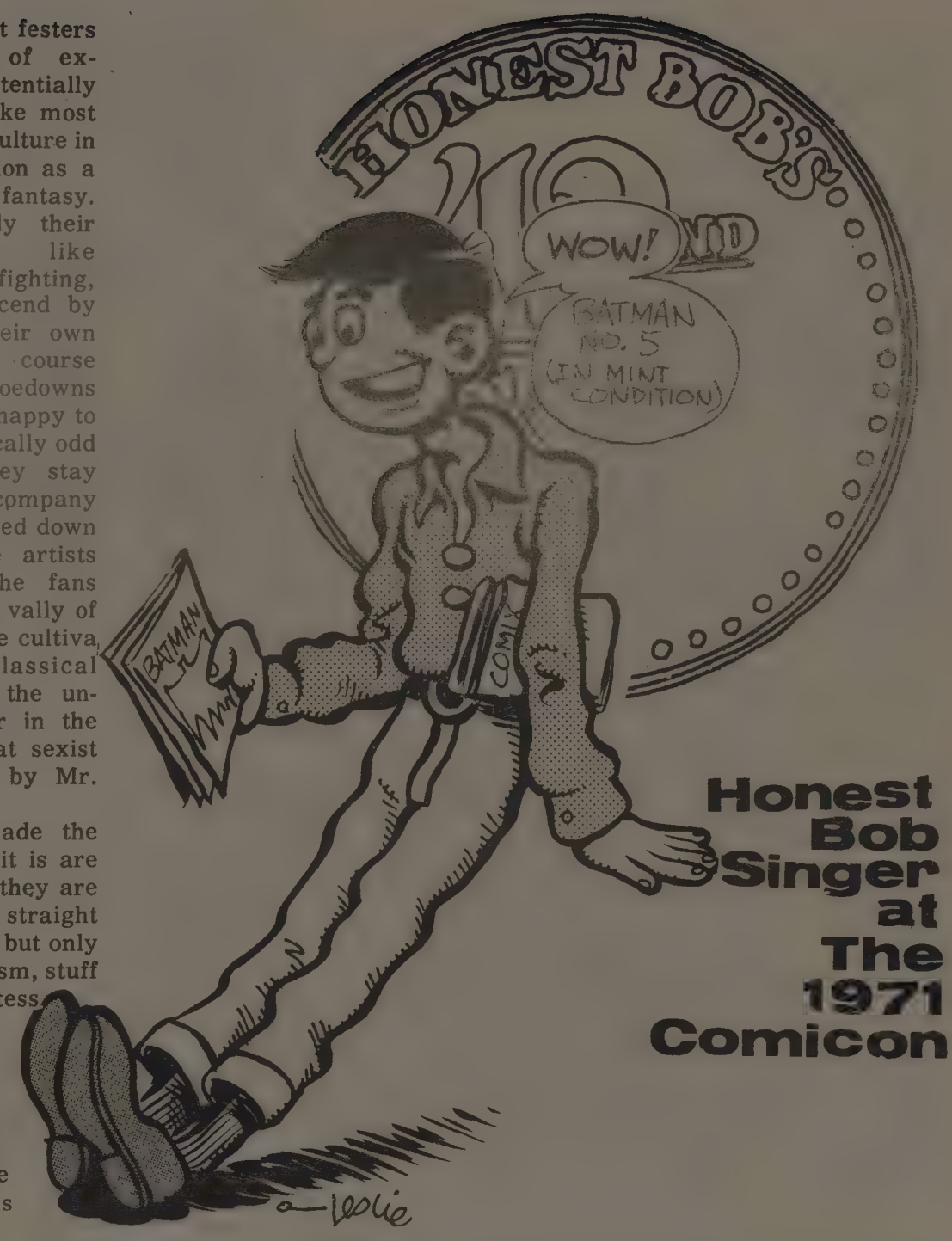
GOOD GOD! DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?

I'M NOT SURE! IT CERTAINLY ISN'T WORTH THE ARREST!

POLICE 8M-12

CAPTAIN'S LOG, OCT. 30, 2851.. UH... OFFICER-ON-WATCH REED.... AT 2100 WE STOPPED TO WATCH A DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE OF STREET CLOWNS.... OTHERWISE, IT'S BEEN A SLOW, BORING BEAT!!

Honest Bob Singer at The 1971 Comicon



A very good part of this weekend and what could have been a much better part had I not spent it at the huckster's bedlam in the Grande Ballroom of the Statwer Hilton known as the Annual National Comics Convention or something like that was where I did spend it. I snuck in at first and in the face of presistent purges by attempted by off-duty kindergarten monitors maintained my presence until the dramatic moment when I unfurled the EVO colors and was vouchsafed a press pass which was in fact the very same as the guest passes sported by such visiting greats as James Steranko and other obscure craftsmen known ovly to the kult of pallid high school punks and the carny barkin dealers and the credulous autograph huntin mass of schmuck fans, aggressive pimples they are of acquisitive angst, who annelated past me suddenly bending over like palms in storms, dropping their jaws and puffing oth their eyes as though their noses had been hooked to my papel the better to examine the shingle on my breast and learn who was this brooding daemonic artistic looking young man who for all they wot might be the new inker for Spiderman, or dimly associating me with a rough grain fanzine snapshot of their particular deity that they carry about in sweat-suppurated swainskin billfolds. At one point Art Spiegelman, Leslie and I were hovering angelically over a table of old ECs when a 15 year old gross-out whose silver medallion danced on the uppr slope of the stomachal bulge in his bright green longsleeved polo shirt came up and announced he "saw you in te (playfully punching Spiegelman in his modest gut) heh heh smut papers." The injured party and I quickly evaported but Leslie as a one-time sixth-string pasteup man for Screw (he couldn't have meant EVO) was professionally obliged to listen to the excesses of a mind so warped by self-abuse in a locked bathroom somewhere on the Grand Concourse that it had hatched, nurtured, and persistently buried at every opportunity the notion that since R. Crumb always signs his stuff R. Crumb his friends must call him R. In such elegant circles does the imagination of the average comic fan revolve.

Meanwhile I was walking all around getting gawked at and giving my autograph to people named Byron Cunningham as well as free and useless advice on how to make big money as an underground cartoonist. How to draw, I told them, I who can't draw beer from bottle without copious slosh of froth. They listened like I was God. Anyway Byron Cunningham was pleasant enough compared to the 99 per cent of fools and knaves and buzzards snaking around.

The difference of comics fans from human beings lies in the neurotic hysteria that informs their collecting that further belies the studied escapism that festers in embittered lives of experientially drab and existentially non-essent swaindom. Like most Americans they have no culture in which comics can function as a counterpoint in perverse fantasy. Comics merely multiply their booshwah bathos like psychoanalysis or prizefighting, which they never transcend by incorporating it into their own lifestyles, exvepting of course these annual Munchkin hoedowns that Amreica is only too happy to encourage in her pathetically odd fellows as long as they stay psychically in line on company time. When Werthan closed down the EC shops and the artists reluctsntly sold out, the fans followed faithfully into a vally of drek or retreated into the cultivation of hoards of classical whatnot. They talk to the underground not at all or in the dirty-chummy attempt at sexist camraderie laid on us by Mr. Bathroom Fixture.

The geniuses who made the underground scene shat it is are all old comix freaks but they are of another breed. The straight fans dig the underground but only as further, if pujer escapism, stuff to keep under the mattess and read in the toilet.

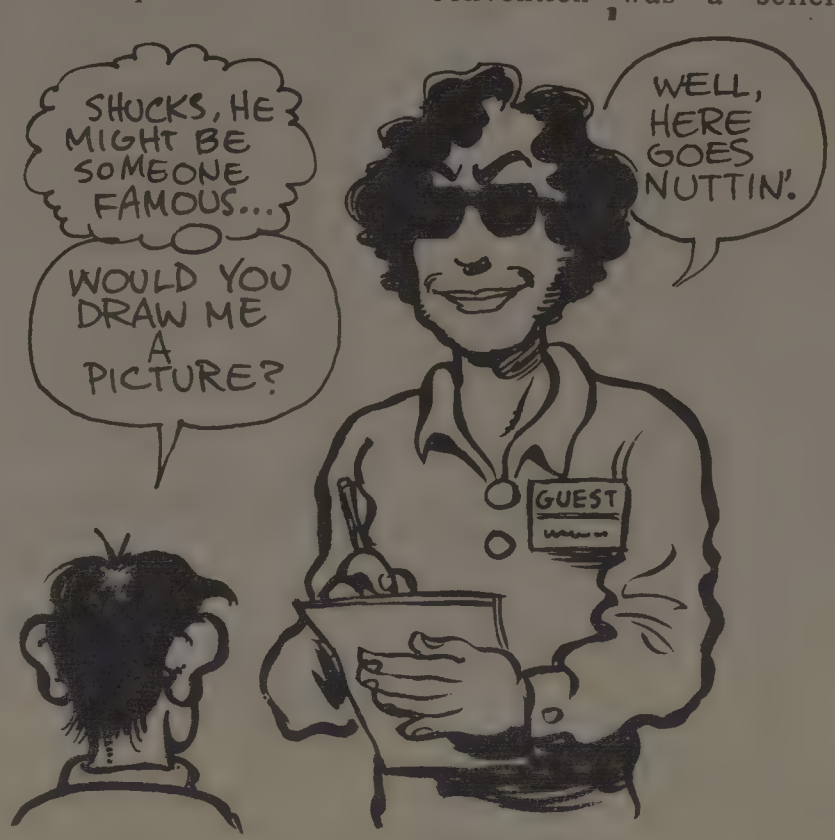
Comics that are geniune art are transformed into artifacts of alienation in the closets of Connecticut and the bathrooms of the Bronx.

But when it is in and of and for the underground it is something else. We who flashed on underground comix did so because, like geniune folk agt, it was geniunely ours, deep reflections as well as satires, exegeses and functional moving parts of our life and thought styles. Hence last year at the uneasily remembered but never to be forgotten Goddard Media Conerence Debacle and Acid Test, the ideological high point of a week of high points was the legendary Underground Comix Workshop where hundrefs of bright eyed feminists of both sexes tried to talk Harvey Kurtzman out of doing Little Annie Fanny for Playboy. Kurtzman A LAME REPLY THAT HE HAD A FAMILY TO FEED, GAVE THE RADICALS A POLITICAL VICTORY AND FINALLY THE FELT LOSS OF A FINE ARTIST AND POTENTIAL BROTHER. The tone throuhgout was that of the artists and peoples' involvement in each other's lives and work.

By cvontrast the Comics Convention was a seller's market, a sucker tout, a come-on a festival of thieves. Only greed was evident in the high-pressure buying and selling and haggling reminiscent of the scene in Lawrence of Arabia where the sheiks insist on having their camels beside them in the house of Parliament. And the underground comics forum (poorly attended by the fine but ill-known talents of Spiegelman, Leslie, Dennis Kitcvhen and Larry S. Todd, a couple of distributors and somebodyS WIFE(WAS MARKED BY THE COOLNESS Dennis warned was going to be svporific. Because the fans had come to be entertained and the cartoonists were at a loss to turn them into their own entertainment.

Afterwards, the buzzards went home with their latest hundred dollar EC originals and $3. copies of contraband Zap 4s and burned the midnight oil in the shithouse till the josy fingers of the dawn crept into Queens and the an-ilated extremities of Big Allis.

Further Notes 1. Comic conventions are depressingly male enterprises. 2. We unearthej an old EC covre from which the Insect Fear covers were adapted. 3. A white elephant called the Star Trek Convention will be held January at the McAlphin Hotel. They're going to be showing old Star Trek tapes. Write to Elyse S. Pines, 637 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218. Tell them onest Bob sent ya because they're letting me in free.


SHUCKS, HE MIGHT BE SOMEONE FAMOUS...
WOULD YOU DRAW ME A PICTURE?
WELL, HERE GOES NUTTIN'.
GUEST
FILM COLUMNIST H.B. SINGER AT THE CONVENTION.... Leslie

GREAT LINES FROM GREAT MOVIUES: Dan Talbot recently unearthed Jimmy the Gent for the New Yorker Spring Repertory show, and it's a winner that with proper exvosure could pack a hip house every night. It's 1932, and Bette Davis is in top form when she says to Jimmy Cagney, "Corrigan, you're as twisted as a corkscrew."

The flashy, gem-studded script by Harold Thunderpussy and his colleagues is whipped into shape by director Sebastion as a boffo Brechtian parody of mass media covrage of non-events and non people. This is an event itself. And these are astoundingly talented and creative people.

Well, as lanky old T.S. Eliot used to say, between the thought and the act falls the shadow. In the midst of reclaiming the abvve diatribe from assorted recherches du temps prdu, I attended a screening of Tricia's Wedding, the best coverage of the event I'e seen yet, the best reportage since Mencken went to the Scopes Trial and the best photojournalism since Ruby hit Oswald. It features the Cockettes, justly renowned San Francisco drag queen theatre of the absurdists. Their spirited recreation of America's shabbiest nonentities makes the reality, so-called, look like a pallid plagiarised act of character assassination. Who else would undertake to beatify Pat Nixon? To put a more than generous gallon of wine in Mamie Eisenhower's palsied grasp? Who else would suspect that behind the liberal yellow press image of Spiro Agnew as a man with his foot in his mouth lurks a gentle toe-sucker? Nor do they begrudge Mahalia Jackson the opportunity to whip Julie and David, nor Nixon himself the presidential fondling of Mick Jagger's tool. Nor is Jackie Onassis suffered to fifsemble her opinion of the White House after 8 years. It's tacky

FricJazzack

(Continued from Page 10)

jazz sometimes he plays his own lines. Hes a composer of great acclaim. Remember Watermellon Man? He wrote that one almost 10 years ago. His other song is ma Madien Voyage, They play that one on the radio sometimes inbetween the lines. All of his beststuff is out on an album now titled **The Best of Herbie Hancock** on Blue Note Records No. BST 89907. A double record set it contains more than enough to let you know who he is musically· Hes on another label now playing jazz the best he knows how but this record set will tell you there from he came and how come hew got such a famous name such a famous fame. He too is a preformer that has to be experienced, He has to be heard in person because of the way that he plays with an audiences mined, Hes the kind of man that will involve everyone if he can in the way he makes the notes flow, If you go see him then youll know.

The third piano man is someone youll proabally not know Kenny Gill a name unknown but not for too long. His first album and I see that hes different from all the rest, Hes young and dosent think like most. His playing is energetic and sometimes confusing, It says that his main inspiration has been John Coltrain, so much for the botter. Called **What WAS What is What Will Be** Warner No. 1913 its his first attempt to communicate to a vast audience heres been no publicity no promotion behind this album wichch is too bad, I guess the company figgures thet he wont bring in that much too money so why should they go ahead and spend a fortune on hype when all he is is another Jazz piano man. Theyre wrong there, Ill bet on him to make it enfront of your eyes inside of a year, all you do is hear what hes trying to play what hes trying to say and you too will understand its all in his hands the way they dance over the keys, check it out youll be sueprised·

Then theres the old standby, last years make-it big stars, Tony Williams has his fame elevated beyong acclaim last summer wilh all that he played around· He was with miles Davis for a couple of years working on his sound and his tecnique, His latest hit is called E E60 **the Tony Wpliams Lifetime** Polydor No. 24 4065 Its sure to be in there with the best of them cause hes good, A performer in every sense of the word he manages to come out with womething new every once in a while this is no exception. The music is out there too, Far away from what rock and roll makes you used to. Its all you can do to listen and absorb what these many people sre trying to play what theyre trying to say thru the medium of jazz. Thats no razz ma tazz!!!

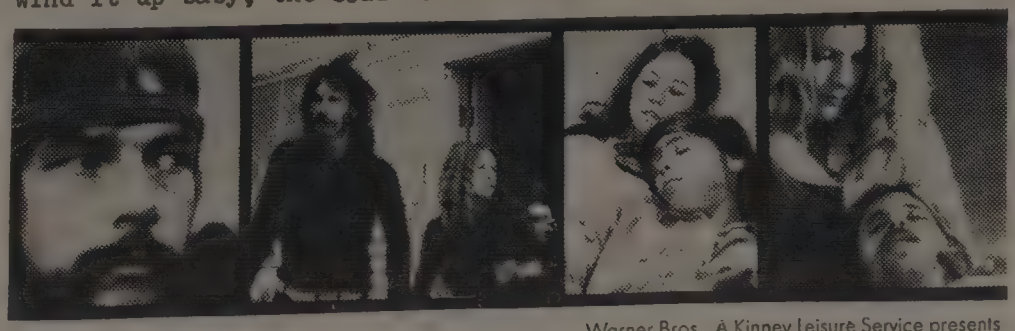
From the other side of the ocean in that other jazz town, London theres been some stuff floating around, New works new sounds, Maybe you dont get to hear too mucho of it. A famous bunch of guys have a n new album out. The soft machiene and its simply called fhkrth on Columbia .no. c 30754 They had really good double album the last time turned me right around. this one is no exception., Theyre do however use a range of electronic effects in their prefirmances and they use them well you can tell by the kind of stone that their music makes you They also have added some brass and some saxophones in this recording It shows recorded last fall its just another fine attempt at reaching for sounds on the other side its inside where the music hides. They go after it and bring it back intact **The Soft Machiene.**

The other one from that far away shore is a called C RIS **Mc Gregors Brotherhood of Breath** on Neon Records No. NE2. The band is almost 2 years old and has captured the minds of many over there, its what youd call a big band, A ll sorts of sounds all sorts of men playing what they feel. African Jazz? Call it what you you may say what you have to say theyre over there turning people around messing up their minds with their sounds. Its good stuff things that i havent heard before, Stuff that dosent happen in the old USA. The music that they play comes from him and Hes the leader playing the pieano and the african wylophone followed by lots of brass and saxes, a formula thats worked before, This time is just one more. Look over there across the sea for jazz that is new and free and uncluttered by the restrictions of traditon. Maybe theyll come over here sometime amd lay down a few lines for the folks. LOVE CHARLIE F

There was Red Herring, Woo-Woo, the Weird Beard and Tip, an everyday Dope Fiend who knew Nancy Wheeler when she lived in Venice, Pam and Larry, Big Time Male Hustler and City Life, the King of Van Nuys Blvd., and City Life's New Old Lady and Money Man and The Red Freak--who all copped from

"Dusty and Sweets McGee"

Wind it up baby, the Solid Gold Weekend is coming to a close.....



Warner Bros., A Kinney Leisure Service presents
"DUSTY AND SWEETS McGEE" Director of Photography
William A. Fraker, A.S.C. · Produced by Michael S. Laughlin
Written and Directed by Floyd Mutrux · Technicolor®

ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK ALBUM ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS

R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

NOW PLAYING THE Coronet 59th St. at 3rd Ave. · EL 5-1663 A WALTER READE THEATRE

WHERE WERE YOU MAYDAY?

WEAR YOUR VETERAN'S BADGE PROUDLY!
Now that you were one of the 13,500 - sport a red, white, and blue button that tells where you were - in Washington where it counted!
All proceeds from the buttons go to the Peoples Coalition to help pay off the tens of thousands owed from the demonstrations. And they only cost a dollar - small price to pay for a medal of honor!
Send a buck for your button today to: War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette Street, New York City 10012.

WHO IS THE THIRD

(Continued from Page 11)

end some time but remember when you were on the junk yourself sure you knew you had to kick *some* time but you said: "Premature. Premature. Give me a little more junk a little more time." Time *is* junk. Junk is time moving at the speed of light. You remember the first few shots before you are hooked again the speed-kick flashing through 1920 streets in a fast car but you can't see the car just the old warehouses and cobblestone streets rushing past you a silent river of past time? When you take a shot you are in the time-film moving back in time at the speed of light. Now look, a blast does not move at the speed of light but light from the blast does. You understand now? We are staying ahead of the blast in our image moving at the speed of light. Oh say can you see exploding star *here* / 'blighted finger-tips unfinished cigarette' / Look any place. Breathe the lack of vagrant ball players. Breathe? Well, like you say: nothing nothing. You see now what you breathe you dumb hick? You breathe in Paco Joselito Henrique; in their soiled clothes in their soccer scores in their dusty flesh. Flash of bombs must tell you in their eyes? I am the Director. You have known me for a long time. 'Mister, leave cigarette money'. Sad muttering street boy voices on the white steps:

"You come with me Meester?"

"J's words once. Yes all the words were mine once. You heard in this Morocco night last voices hopelessly calling. Come closer smell of blood and excrement communicate directly. Good-bye Mister. I must go. *The tide is coming in at Hiroshima.* Exploded star between us."

"Who is the third that walks beside you? The third column of time? Some wise guy come around to your own people with these 1920 scraps? *Have been in desperate battle.* We want to hear pay talk Daddy, and we want to hear pay talk *now.*"

"So those mutinous troops broke into the beauty-banks of time and distributed our personal exquisitries to the bloody apes before they could go and get physical and all sort a awful contest pile up like a Most Graceful Movement Contest and a registered junky could hardly get through to Boot's for the fag ballet dancers leaping about. All of us looking about for some refuge maybe some evil old bitch at least in a kiosk spitting the black stuff cold and heavy but when we go to connect she is a "Sweet Old Flower Lady" get a fix of her. "Kiosk Kate" can wilt and sag the croissant on your plate "/ I saw it move I tell you /" two hundred yard range if the wind is right is now a "Sweet Old Flower Lady" pim-pam just like that a filthy shambles why "Gracious Waiter Day" upcalled a pestilent cloud of singing waiters from the pontine marshes can the Cutest Old Clochard be far behind? Perhaps the most distasteful thing was the Benevolent Presence Contest in the course of which "Sad Poison Nice Guy" irradiated the galaxy right into a taffy-pull of the sweet sick stuff and the citizens still belching it out two weeks later.

Well every whistle-stop had its Quality Champ and you know who wins a quality contest because he includes the other contestants in or out as the case may be the winner stands there in the empty ring . . . and Final Quality Day when all the winners of local and specialized contests met in a vast arena . . . scarcely a man is now alive . . . just one shot that's all it took . . . don't ask me who won because I wasn't *there*. /"

"/ You may infer his absence by that or this in exactly the same relation as before the contest he retroactively did not take part in. "The Not There Kid" was not *there*, empty turnstile marks the spot. So disinterest yourself in my words. Disinterest yourself in anybody's words. In the beginning was the word and the word was bullshit. Yes sir, boys, it's hard to stop that old writing arm more of a habit than using. Been writing these RXs five hundred thousand years and sure hate to pack you boys in with a burning-down word habit. But I am of course guided by my medical ethics and the uh intervention of The Board of Health no more *no mas*. My writing arm is paralyzed ash, blown from an empty sleeve do our work and go. /"

Here comes the old knife-sharpener in lemon sun, light blue eyes reflected from a thin blade, blood on white steps of the sea-wall, afternoon shadow in dying eyes. "Good-bye, Mister. Get off the point. It is precisely time. It's you who have assembled from the broken streets of war and death the burning buckling deck of an exploding star. With wind and dust good-bye."

NOTICE

CERTIFICATE OF CONTINUED USE OF PARTNERSHIP NAME OF
THE WHOLE EARTH)pursuant to Article 7 of the New York Partnership Law)
WHEREAS, the business of the firm of THE WHOLE EARTH, a partnership which has transacted business in this State, continues to be conducted by one of the partners ,and

WHEREAS, the business heretofore conducted by said firm is to be conducted hereafter by the undersigned in the name of THE WHOLE EARTH.

NOW, therefore, the undersigned in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, does make, sign and acknowledge this certificate and declare that the person intending to deal under the name of THE WHOLE EARTH with her respective place of residence, is as follows:
Anne F. Kroll
255 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, New York
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 3 hh day of June 1971.
s Anne F. Kroll
State of New York)
ss.:
County of New York)

On this -th day of June, 1971, befxre me personally appeared Anne F. Kroll, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing certificate. and she thereupon duly acknowledged to me that she executed thahsame.
Eunice Burnett

GOD HELP BOBBY AND HELEN

They're in love in Needle Park

"A masterful accomplishment! One of the most affecting pictures in years."
—Arthur Knight, Saturday Review

20th Century-Fox presents

the panic in needle park

starring AL PACINO and KITTY WINN produced by DOMINICK DUNNE directed by JERRY SCHATZBERG
screenplay by JOAN DIDION and JOHN GREGORY DUNNE a DUNNE-DIDION-DUNNE production COLOR BY DE LUXE

R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

LOEWS TOWER EAST
72ND STREET AND 3RD AVE • 879-1313

Lynda Crawford

On July 1st, fifteen members of the Living Theatre who were in Ouro Preto, Brazil to present a production of "Legacy of Cain" during the Ouro Preto Winter Festival were busted on charges of Possession of Marijuana (three ounces of grass were found in their house that curiously enough were not there before the Policia entered) and Subversion (brought on by a collection of books in the house which included writings by Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Carl Marx, Jesus Christ, etc., and two subversive diaries by Brazilians). Their arrest took place a week after they had been invited to participate outside the festival and had rented a house in the area.

During that week, the Board of Directors who had initially extended the invitation changed their minds (after seeing them) and told them "No", they could no present their piece (a project that had been worked on for eight months and would have been presented for 10 days in the streets). The group was disappointed upon hearing this but decided to abide by the Board of Director's decision and changed their plans to giving direct acting courses in the streets, a five hour piece. They never got the chance to do this though.

On July 1st the D.O.P.S. (Department of Order Politicia Sociale) entered their house (they always left the door open in the house except during rehearsels, so the people could come in and get acquainted whenever they wished; an unlikely thing to do if they had been possessing drugs being it is so frowned upon in Brazil) and arrested the fifteen people present. Five others who were not in the house at the time of the bust were also picked up later (all Americans - Judith Malina, Julian Beck, Andrew Nadelson, Mary Mary and Steve Ben Israel) but were kept seperated from the others and eventually released.

Upon his release, Ben Israel went into town looking for help but found the people reluctant to do anything for fear of being arrested themselves if they were to get involved. Three days later, the Brazilian papers who had been giving the bust front page coverage, came out with the story that the D.O.P.S. had now dug up a kilo of grass underneath the house from information found in a secret map. The heat was really on at this point and Ben Israel was forced to go into hiding for five days while awaiting his plan to get out of the country (an extensive search was going on for him; the Politicia would walk into cafes and at any table with kids with long hair they would stop and say "Steve" hoping to discover him) which he finally managed to do on July 7th.

Now back in New York, being the only one to successfully escape, Steve Ben Israel is trying to drum up concern for those still in Brazil. Inquiries made by Jimmy Spicer, the former general manager of the Living Theatre, who was in Ouro Preto at the time and by Gus Ricobach of the Law Commune who recently called the D.O.P.S., as to their present disposition, have been able to find out that the Subversion charges have now been dropped and the only thing they are facing is a charge of Possession of Marijuana. The law in Brazil for foreigners, arrested on drug offenses is Deportation within five days, however, there seem to be no signs of Deportation in progress. For the others, the Brazilians and Peruvian, it is very unclear what will happen to them...but it dosen't look good.

Ben Israel urges all who could offer assistance, whether it be money (they are looking for bread for lawyers fees, food - all of

the arrested are Vegitarians and cannot eat the meager but meaty offerings of the Brazilian jails, and for plane fares in the event of Deportation as the Brazilian government will not pay for that) or a desire to help by correspondence with the D.O.P.S. in Brazil (Ben Israel is hopeful that if letters start coming in from New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Australia, anywhere, pleeing for the release of the Living Theatre on the basis of the Cultural merits of the group, the D.O.P.S. would speed up the release process due to the amount of public concern).

Letters urging their release (Ben Israel stresses that they be totally non-political, soft, intelligent, inpraise of the theatre's cultural and artistic values and in other words - cool, as the group is not involved in politics nor does it wish to be) can be directed to the two Chiefs of Police who are handling the case:

David Hazan
Renato Aragao
D.O.P.S.
Avenida Alphonso Perra
Belo Horizonte,
Minas Gerais, Brazil

Any money for the Lawyers fees, etc., can be sent to:

James Spicer
First National City Bank
Belo Horizonte,
Minas Gerais, Brazil

Or in New York you can call:

Dick Handley PL 8-2651

The Living Theatre went to South America mainly for a very heavy learning trip; to experience the reality over there and after awhile that reality became their reality - the enormous despair. They became very involved with the people, producing many high energy street festivals which, as in the case of three of their peices presented in San Paulo, a nearby state, they had between two and three thousand local people participating. As Ben Israel says "Our whole purpose for being there was study". This study, this desire to become aware, this need on their part to get involved, has now got them sitting in a Brazilian jail. Get involved if you can. Send bread if you can. Send letters if you can. But Be Cool!

Sex Books

(Continued from Page 9)

" the Silken Swirl,,' "The Hoover," and "Gnawing," she discusses the "Whipped Cream Wriggle":

If you have a sweet tooth, this is the one for you. Take some freshly whipped cream, to which you have added a dash of anilla and a couple of teaspoons of powdered sugar and spread the concoction evenly on the penis so that the whole area is covred with a quarter-inch layer of cream. As a finishing touch, sprinkle on a little shredded coconut and or chocolate. Then lap it all up with your tongue. He'll wriggle with delight and you;l have the fun of an extra dessert.

If **The Sensuous Woman** is fun to read, that only makes it all the more disturbing a work. On almost every page, "J" seems to be saying, "You can have any man you want if only you transform yourself into a well-oiled fucking machine." There SOMETHING OBSESSIVE ABOUT THIS. Not only does "j" seem to assume that nothing can be really fulfilling to a woman but giving a man orgasms, she ignores all those little undefined psychological factors that cause two people to become sexually excited by one another in the first place.Reading this book, one finds nothing that indicates that the author has any understanding of the warmth that can exist in human relationships. All that is important is how well you can fuck. I don't know who it is that's hiding behind the pseudonym of "J", but I suspect that if I evj happened to meet her I would find her to be as hysterical as any hungup irgin.

Helen Gurley Brown's **Sex and the New Single Girl** (Geis, $5.95) is an immoral book. The author of this "newly revised, updated edition" of **Sex and the Single Girl** feels that a woman is a piece of property; she must work to make herself a desirable commodity in the eyes of men. If she makes this effort, and uses sex properly, she can get everythig she wants. Once she forms a relationship with a man she must be careful never to get into a poor bargaining position. Thus, although a woman who refuses, at times, to have sex with her husband is a "rat" (he has purchased her, after all, by providing her with his name, a house and an income), a single woman should deny yerself to her boyfriend regularly and often in order to get what she wants from him.

Also she should make sure that he understands that he must pay for the privilege of her company Thus, while it is all right for her to fix dinner for him in her apartment on rare occasions, this shouldn't become habit; he should be taking her out and spending money. It's ok to have an affair with a married man, the author things, but since he is married you should expect to get some fairly handsome presents from him.

for example, why not get him to pay for your Volkswagen? And then the author drags out all the old myths in due course. No man really wants to get married, we are told; he has to be tricked into it. And make sure that you always have a goodly number of male friends; if your boyfriend has a few healthy anxieties it's good for him.

Of all the sex books I've looked at, I find this one the most repulsive. Hegen Gurley Brown can dish out liberal doses of advice on fixing up an apartment, using makeup, dressing and dieting, how to be sexy, getting an abortion, but sys seems to think that an ideal man-woman relationship is one in which the two people try to manipulate each other (with the woman presumably winning more often than not). I suppose a lot are like this, but if people have difficulty communicating with each other, acting out a lot of neurotic rituals won't solve the problem. I particularly question the author's assumption that a woman should view sex as a prostitute would: as a means to obtain some end. To a lot of secretaries this book will be a bible; there are enough of them who are as fucked up as tye author that **Sex and the New Single Girl** could even become a bestseller.

There aren't many notes of sanity in this chaotic world. One of the few that I've found recently is John Fowles' **The French Lieutenant's Woman** (Signet, $1.50). This novel can't really be classified as a sex book, but since sex tkmwles, unlike Reuben, "J" AND Brown, understands that there is a lot more to sex than the purely mechanical aspects, his novel is an excellent antidoze to their books.

Although only one brief sexual encounter is described in **The French Lieutenant's Woman's** 366 pages, the book pulsates with eroticism. Sex is not viewed in terms of the physical sensations that one feels when a piece of skin is rubbed, but as something whivv produces strong erotic emotions.

In one of his digressions Fowles says:

So it seems very far from sure that the Victorians did not experience a much keener, because less frequent, sexual pleasure than we do; and that they were not dimly aware of this, and to chose a convention of supression, repression and silence to maintain the keenness of the pleasure, In a way, by transferring to the public imagination what they left to the private, we are the more Victorian-in the derogatory sense of the word-century, since we have, in destroying so much of the mystery, the difficulty, the aura of the forbidden, destroyed aqso a great deal of te pleasure. Of course we cannot measure comparative degrees of pleasure' but it may be luckier for us than the Victorians that we cannot.

I'm not entirely convinced by this' I'm not sure that I would have cared to live amidst the fear and ignorance of Victorian England. However, the contemporary varieties of fear and ignorance may not be all that much better. Perhaps if our world didn't spend such a vast amount of time inviting us to copulate we would be able to be less neurotic about it. Perhaps then more of us could experience that rare kind of heightened eroticism that Fowles is talking about.

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A PEOPLE'S COLLEGE TO EXIST IN THE U.S.?

We hope so.

We offer a developmental alternative in education for those who want to affect the structure and priorities of our society.

We seek not to invent better "band-aids," but to find and destroy root causes of dehumanizing conditions.

THE WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE CAMPUS OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE

is committed to confronting social and institutional patterns which perpetuate imperialism, racism, exploitation, and oppression.

For application / interview / information, contact: Bill Whitaker, Admissions, Antioch College, Columbia, Maryland 21043.

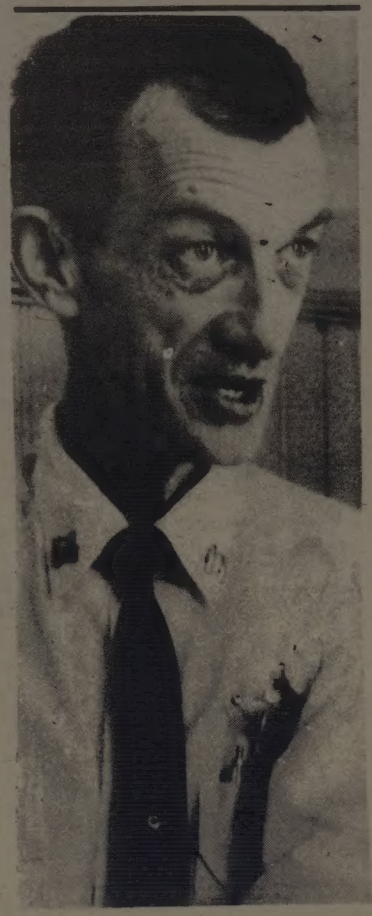
Switchboard open Monday-Friday, 9am - 9pm.
(301) 730-9175

"Goddamn Everything but the Circus."
e.e. cummings

ORGAN Magazine: ringside seats for the only game in town.

We'd tell you to buy ORGAN from your local newsstand, or ask them why they don't carry it, but frankly, we'd rather have the bread up front: SUBSCRIBE! 12 issues for $5, 26 for $10.

ORGAN
Box 4520
Berkeley, CA 94704



REGRETTFULLY, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER HAS BEENFORCED TO SUSPEND ITS SEPARATE—RATE POLICY FOR BUSINESS AND PERSONAL ADS. FROM NOW ON, ALL ADS IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTION WILL COST $5.00 FOR THE FIRST 25 WORDS, AND 20 c. FOR EACH ADDITIONAL WORD.

IN VIEW OF RECENT COURT DECISIONS, THE EDITORS OF EVO RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT ALL PERSONAL ADS.

THE Cassified advertising)personal and business) DEADLINE IS WED AT 5 NOON FOR THE NEXT TUESDAYS PUBLICATION. PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADS. PHONE NUMBERS NOW ACCEPTED FORE PERSONAL CATEGORIES. ALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MUST BE PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE PHONE. NO TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

TRADE

ALPHAPHONE tm headset--try the brain rhythm method and get higher. Wire up with a friend. Write: Aquarius Electronics, Box 627 -i, Mendocino, California 95460 Free info.

Shops: Beautifully designed earrings, silver and hammered brass, for information write E. Gardner, 1121 New Hampshire Ave. N. W. Apt. 508, Washington, D. C. Rama Pipien Collective, UWPC co-op, is a free syndicate of counter-media papers andradio. Writers and cartoonists are needed by all of us on a world scale, now. Let's get moving! Submit material to RPC-P. O. Box 641 Newcastle, Calif. 95658. All regularly publishing media can contact us to receive our packets. Plug ir with all and each. Free to struggling entities or $10 a month. Donations are needed. Serve the people.

Will TRADE RRR (Eroch, pap, ritt) 7" tape Sound Collages for simple, uceful home-made things or craft, like, Dookshelv Sandels, etc. TRADE? Call: 663-8242

WATERBEDS!
ANY SIZE $29.50

with safetv liner and foam insulating pad plus complete fram instructions. buy direct from manufacturer. we use qualitity union carbide clear vinyl. 5 YEAR GUARANTEE. POSTPAID.

Send check or money order to: Carleton Plastic, 3727 Walnut St Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

rub down

LANA & SHARON
N. Y.'s PRETTIEST MASSEUSES

Offer the Ultimate in Satisfying Massage in your Hotel, Residence or atour at our own Intimate private midtown Salon
Calle Anytime, 7 days a week. 586-9243
For a groovey inside-outside;
Bath and rub.
Young, handsome, hung Steve.
15.00 Calle 741-0658 anytime....

UPTIGHT? COOL IT, MAN, CLIMAX YOUR DAY with a minc. blowing massage by Peiro. By appointment 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. CALL 734-5094 Air cond. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL

BODY RUBS OUR SPECIALLY, Ziime Caps. FRENCH SWEDISH ORIENTAL ETC. ALSO NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY OPEN 6 DAYS A WEEK 11 A. M. TILL MIDNIGHT Air Conditioned. RAM STUDIOS, 694 3rd Ave. 5 Floor between 43 & 44 St. Dont Phone Come Over 246-6297

THE "ULTIMATE" TOTAL BODY MASSAGE!

French, swedish, greek, english, japanese, variations by beautiful young girls, boys, or couples. We especially welcome those who have experienced disappointment with others. We guarantee total privacy Satisfaction. Call joy at. 265-8988

Try a Groovy Inside - Outside Bath and Body Rub by Young Handsome Franky 415 CALL 666-9299

Masseur - College student Midtown area - please call after 11.00 A. M. BOB 683-8646

"TOTAL BODY MASSAGE", FRENCH, JAPANESE, SWEEDISH, GREEK OR DISCIPLINE, HEDONIST, SYBARITE. WHATEVER YOUR THING IS, WE HAVE EXPERTLY TRAINED MASSEURS & MASSEUSES AVAILABLE TO PLEASE YOU IN THE COMFORT AND PRIVACY OR YOUR HOME, OFFICE, OR HOTEL ROOM CALL BETWEEN 2 P. M. AND 2 A. M. FOR INFORMAYION OR APPT.
684-5485
684-5485
684-5485
684-5485
684-5485

CALL NOW!!!

the grooviest masseur in town offers you the greatest variety of massage techniques, for women 9 couples only. FRENCH, SWEEDISH, JAPANESE, GREEK, LIGHT TOUCH, BONDAGE, DISCIPLINE, S & M, ETC. WHATEVER; YOUR THING IS, I GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
7 DAYS A WEEK, 4 p. m. UNTIL 2 a. m.
684-5485

Azza will give best body rub in town or Pose for nude photography no appaointment nec-open 6 days 11.00 am-midnight. RAM Studio. 594 3 rd. Ave. 5 th Floor. betw 43 rd 44 th St.

personal ads

LADIES ONLY: Dennis 260-4089, bachelor businessman living alone, forties, goodlooking, goodnatured, warm and discreet, interested meeting you days for mutual satisfaction. Have apartment heart of Greenwich Village.

Male, 26, lloking for Female, 18-26, for cross-country, camping-trip. I have car. Phone 663-1124; 9 p. m. 11 p. m.

REAL LADY KILLER

In San Quentin Prison for double wife slaying (first one a high school steady, second one a hooker). Two cheaters made me a "lifer". White writer, 40, 6-2, 250 lbs. wants correspondence with people from all walks of life and all age groups. Will answer all letters. John Watson, Box B-11037, Tamal, Calif. 94964

TALL, dark, handsome, 33 year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and.... Let's talk about it you wont't be disappointed. Write me Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c-o AAA-1, Service 943, Columbus Ave. NYC
Please, gals only.

Wanted, Sincere, Together, young, pioneer, homemaker, uninhibited natural woman, head, desciple, partner, for enduring lustful, lover relationship. Share expansion, direction, knowledge, pleasure, freedoms, life with rugged Saggittarian, professional alchemist. masterr head, 28, apostle of knowledge. Digs nature, business, occult. Come together. Now. Write. P. Cappiello, 1980 Unionport Rd. (apt 15-G). Bronx, NY 14460

Attractive, personable male, 37, seeks congenial young male friend for occasional meetings in Manhattan. Phone number please. Absolute discretion. Assured and requested. E. B. P. O. Box 2051, Brooklvn. N. Y. 11202

ATTRACTIVE EXECUTIVE, SEEKING COMPATIBLE AWARD GAL FOR SERIOUS HAPPY RELATIONSHIP WITH BETTER THINGS IN LIFE. DINING, WEEK ENDING, EVENTUAL TRIP TO CARIB OR EUROPE. HAVE LUXURIOUS APT WITH NO HANG UPS CALL279-7369

hear my heart
when promise forgets the bloom
& youthfulness tames the gloom
hear my heart
when rebellion allures seperation
& shame surrenders to consolation
yu-2-4471
ORPHEUS JR.

'TO SUN—RISE & PURITY"
The defiant rhythm of depth
dazzles with a mesmeric breath
when the veneration of twi light
blossoms into fearful star-light

model market

Young Male Student poses NUDE Handsome with Athletes build 6'1", 175 lbs. 44" Chest, 32" Waist. Call 988-4268 (VERSATILE)

RUGGED MASCULINE MODEL FOR NUDE POSING OR RUBDOWNS. Groovy looking athletic, guy, sensual, versitile. cooperative & reliable. Eves & weekends only BRAD: 838-9054

MALE MODELS NEEDED FOR DRAWINGS POSE NUDE, SWIMMER BUILD PREFERRED 243-2959 5 - 11 P. M. ONLY

em-ployment

Slim, beautiful girl, bikini-clad, see-thru type, wanted for advertising program. PL 7-4276

Make $500 & weekly. Models couples wanted to manage work in swinging figure model studio. Apply Circle Studio, 265 w. 72nd St. or call 874-9860, 874-9802

GO GO DANCERS SEX ACTS OR COUPLES WANTED FOR SWINGING STUDIO. AMATEURS CONSIDERED. APPLY FUN CITY 252 W. 46 th St. 265-8905 or 265-9715

Busy East Side Studio. No exper. Will train average $500 weekly possible Call 752-4644 Ask for Bob

Hip couples capable of earning $500 & weekly. Manage groovy figure studio. Apply only if together able to handle people. Call Dick Rogers: 265-9092

Hostess and or Escort Services. You Can Earn $100 Plus Daily with No Hassles. Call and Ask Questions
684-5485

Hip, articulate gal, pleasant voice & good handwriting, to ans. phones & make appts. Small, busy office in East 30's. 1-6 p. m. Six days. $2.50 hr. to start-student okay. Call between 3 & 7 p. m. for Appt. Ask for Lowis 684-5485 or 691-9032

Seeking attractive & Liberated chicks over 21. for residential Modeling, Massage,

GUARANTEE INSTANT CASH PLUS FREE APARTMENT
Earn $100& daily
Attractive hip girls wanted for groovy new figure model studio. Amateurs welcomes. Will train. Earn big money tomorrow by calling today. Peter Strauss: 265-9092

WITCHES, Warlocks, etc, WANTED for documentary.
Day: 565-6022
Night: 622-1095
(203) 838-1477

GROUPIES needed. Young college prof would like to interview you about music, life for National Magazine Article. SRI, Box II, Prince Station. New York City, 10012

special service

HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!! Obesity, stage-fright, smoking, insomnia, memory, concentration, $25.00 private session PL 5-4363 Mail Order Costs $10.00 Box 31 FDR Station New York NY 10022

Paul Oscher, of the Muddy Waters Blues Band is running a blue monday blues jam every monday night at the Nightcap Lounge Flatbush and Midwood streets Bklyn bring your axe

Attractive White Couple SHE 23, 5'3", 36-23-35 HE 25, 6'1", muscularly built, will pose in the privacy of your home. NYC area only, Sample photos $2, sets of ten for $5. We will also pose in anv manner you desire & send you the photos. 8 for $10, 16 for $15-all sincere letters answered immediately. Jan & Vic Hoff 157 East 37 St. NYC

The ANSWER GROUP helps swingers, swappers, moderns over 21. Gay, straight, ac - dc. Info: lists, clubs, who does what to whom; where, how, when. Any question, any subject. Personal answer $2. The ANSWER GROUP. BOX 2173V, Phila. Pa 19103

YOUR LOW BUDGRT 16 or 35 mm films can be produced more professionally than you think. Call us-- 362-2787

Literature

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. FREE CATALOGUES. Beaver, Box 2373 Philadelphia, Penna 19103

Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE CATALOGUES, Trojan, Box 2121, Philadelphia, Penna 19103

Sex Books, Magazines & Sex Aid Device Catalog, 64 page color illustrated - only $1.00. State age. Scott, Rand & Co. Box 26-V, Randallstown, Md. 21133

The east village other needs old photography m magazienes for collages or if you have any pictures that you donde want anymore call Charli e Frick at EVO in the afternoons: 255-2130
Ehrrl and deal.

Have Complete back Issues of EVO from the beginning. Anyone interested in buying conte Harry Glenn, c-o EVO, 20 E. 12th Street.

save earth now

RECYCLE YOUR ENERGY

Wood paper metal glass plastic?

HOW? HOW? IT IS UP TU YU

I'D BETTER FIND MY FOLKS' HOUSE SOON!

NO TELLING WHAT A HUNGER-CRAZED FOOD ADDICT (LIKE MYSELF) MIGHT DO!!

WHAT A BUMMER! (GRUMBLE) (GRIPE) (GROUSE) (GRITCH)

I NEVER SHOULDA COME HERE.

NOTHING GOOD EVER HAPPENS TO ME. I ALWAYS CATCH ALL THE BAD SCENES.

POOR ME! (SIGH) (MOAN)

HI! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HUNH?

NOTHING!

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?

(THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!)

YOU MUST BE LOST IF YOU'RE IN THIS PART OF TOWN!

WELL, ER, ACTUALLY I WAS LOOKING FOR SOME OLD FRIENDS...

I'M FROM CALIFORNIA!

WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AND HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?

OKAY!

DO YOU LIVE HERE BY YOURSELF?

NO, MY PARENTS LIVE HERE TOO.

BUT THEY'RE GONE!

(BURP) (BELCH)

ER... CAN I USE YOUR BATH?

SURE!

MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY GILBERT SHELTON

GIGGLE

SPLASH

UH-OH! BETTER GET YOUR CLOTHES ON! HERE COME MY PARENTS!

CLICK! SLAM!

HOLY TOLEDO! THOSE ARE MY PARENTS TOO!

to be continued...

the adventures of FAT FREDDY'S CAT

COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY GILBERT SHELTON

I'M HOMELESS AND HUNGRY!

I'LL JUST TRY EVERY DOOR!

MEOW!

OH, A POOR HUNGRY KITTY!

JACKPOT!

NICE FLUFFY PUSSY WUSSY!

OO PRITTY PUDDY TAT! LIDDLE TIDDY POT!

GOOD LORD!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE FOOD, BUT THE SERVICE HERE IS SLOPPY!